




THE INFERNAL QUIXOTE: A TALE OF THE DAY ...

CHARLES LUCAS



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THE
INFERNAL QUIXOTE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BAKE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

THE
INTERNAL QUIXOTE

A TALE OF THE DAY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

CHARLES LUCAS, A.M.

Author of "The Quixote of the North"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY "THE QUIXOTE OF THE NORTH"

MILTON'S MARY

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THE
INFERNAL QUIXOTE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY
CHARLES LUCAS, A.M.

AUTHOR OF THE CASTLE OF ST. DONATS, &c.

“ Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.”

MILTON'S SATAN.

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THE
INFERNAL QUIXOTE.

CHAP. I.

THE history of Wilson, not yet recorded, to the period when he encountered his luminary, under the auspices of the bloody planet Mars, though so fraught with adventure, had never been highly interesting to him.

The corps, in which Wilson had a command, thought proper to volunteer

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B

their

their services, in defence of their Protestant Brethren in Ireland, contrary to the opinion of some of their Officers, among whom was Wilson. Yet, when the Government accepted their offers, the virtuous principle of Wilson was not sufficiently strong to bear the opprobrium of cowardice, though in a right cause. This shews how weak is virtue when the temptation comes in the most trying point :

“ Take any form but that, and my firm nerves

“ Shall never tremble.”

Wilson had, what all the world are trying to get as an excuse for their own faults—EXAMPLE, to countenance him ; and it was not till the rest of the
Officers

Officers had agreed to go, that he also assented. Yet, by particularizing these circumstances, a defence for his conduct is not intended. He certainly acted wrong, and he himself was afterwards most ready to own it.

He had with difficulty prevented himself from accepting the challenge of Marauder; in *that* case a plea was wanting—in *this*, he fancied it was his duty to act as he did. Had he more narrowly asked his conscience, he would have found that there *was a duty* superior to the one he obeyed, and which he ought to have followed.—The stigma of a *public* coward is most hard to be borne!—True.—The trial it is confessed was difficult, and Wilson was con-

quered. Few people will condemn him for acting as he did; but it is to be considered that he was in a corps where the going was voluntary, and not according to any articles he had entered into.

He went over to Ireland, therefore, with the rest, in the beginning of the spring, and was for some time quartered in the neighbourhood of Dublin; but afterwards two troops were stationed in that part of Munster where M'Ginnis met with him.

Wilson could not leave England without visiting Fanny. He called; and, after common civilities, mentioned his intended departure.

Fanny,

Fanny, who was no casuist in these cases, whether or not he ought to go, considered only that he was really going. She burst into a flood of tears the moment he had spoken.

“ Oh Mr. Wilson ! you know I consider you as a brother.”—That unlucky word gave an electrical chill to the spirits of Wilson.—“ I cannot hear of your going to that wretched country without shewing my sorrow. Let me entreat you not to go. I shall lose all my friends. My good guardian is going to Edinburgh, and will not be back for some months. If you, my brother, leave the kingdom——”

“ My dear Miss Fanny, my promise is given to go with the regiment.

Were it possible to be otherwise, one word from you would turn me at any time ; or, could I be of the most trifling service——”

“ You know, Mr. Wilson, how I am situated. Willingly would I live with my sister—she will not permit it.”—(This conversation was long before the meeting with Rattle.)—“ It is some consolation to me, to hear how agreeable her retirement is become, by the friendship of the worthy Vicar and his family, whose residence is so close to her own. To my earnest entreaties to join her in Wales, she as constantly replies, that my affection shall never suffer by her follies and imprudence. Mr. Townsend and yourself are the only friends to whom I can unburthen my mind ;—

now

now you both leave me.—My acquaintance in this family are kind and amiable;—but, Oh how different from the friends of the heart—relations natural and adopted, in which last light, Mr. Wilson, I have long considered you.”

“ It is the pride of my life to be so highly favoured. Yet why, Miss Fanny, should you think yourself deserted when so many young men are ambitious of your notice.”

In this awkward manner did poor Wilson commence a conversation, which Mr. Townsend desired him, that Fanny might chuse one from the many beaux that surrounded her, before his journey to Scotland; for though she lived, by choice, in a very recluse manner, she

had not escaped the notice and admiration of the other sex.

Many splendid offers had courted her favour, but all had been heard with the greatest coolness. Her guardian also had received overtures from many ; but among others, he wished his ward to chuse from two young men, whose birth, persons, fortunes, and accomplishments he considered as unexceptionable. Frequently he had spoken to her himself upon the subject, but he could never get a satisfactory answer. Upon this point he addressed Wilson, when the other informed him he was about to go to Ireland, and desired him to try to persuade Fanny to make a choice before they both left her.

“ The

“The friends I have,” said Fanny, in reply to his last question, “I so severely feel the loss of, that I have no wish to entangle myself with new ones. It is better never to have, than to have and be forsaken.”

“I did not think, Miss Fanny, I should ever accuse you of unkindness ; but so far from forsaking you, indeed, if it would promote your happiness, I would suffer every ignominy sooner than leave you.—You frequently honour me with the title of brother,”—Wilson sighed ; “may I not as such enquire if, among the gentlemen who court your favour, you do not approve of one more than the others.”

“No ;—why should I ?—I know very little, and wish not to know

more, of any of the persons you mean."

"Mr. Wildermere," continued Wilson, with the greatest resolution, "you have been acquainted with some years, and Mr. Townsend informs me that he is a respectable young man of family and fortune;—the Honourable Mr. Leeson is the second son of a very worthy Nobleman, high in favour with the Minister. Both these, Miss Fanny, have long declared themselves your admirers."

"I have frequently answered them, Sir, that I have no wish to change my situation."

"When so valuable a prize is in view, young men are not so easily daunted."

"Mr.

“ Mr. Wildermere I particularly dislike—he is so great a coxcomb. My acquaintance is less with Mr. Leeson, but I do not desire it to be greater.”

“ He bears a most excellent character; and his family——”

“ Do you wish, Mr. Wilson, to recommend him to me?”

“ My dear Miss Fanny, I cannot so far presume. *My* sole intention, as well as Mr. Townsend’s, was—to see—we thought—if—I mean—had you chosen *one* protector before we departed, the rest would keep at a distance.—We should be happy to see you well allied.”

“ If it will make *you happy* to see me married,” replied Fanny, with a little spirit, “ I will endeavour to fix my
B 6
affections,

affections, since a single life occasions so much trouble to my friends."

"No, Miss Fanny, do not, I beseech you, attribute my interference to so unkind a motive. Mr. Townsend wishes not to constrain nor to hasten your choice. The gentlemen I have mentioned, *he* considered as most eligible. I am but little acquainted with either of them. There are many others I know, who——"

"Well then, as my friends are so anxious I should be settled, I will endeavour to remove their suspense as soon as possible."

"You have then a preference, Miss Fanny?" exclaimed Wilson, in evident alarm; "may I presume to ask who is the man so highly blessed?"

"Surely,

“ Surely, Mr. Wilson, it can be of no great concern to you. You are going to leave the kingdom long before it can take place. Perhaps it is neither of the gentlemen you have offered to my notice. It may be I have reason for concealment, even from you.”

Fanny still spoke with some *asperity*, perhaps *coquetry*; if it were so, it was but a slight portion of that innate playfulness of the sex. Wilson, nevertheless, was extremely hurt; and tremblingly alive to his feelings, replied—

“ I shall be most miserable, my dearest Miss Fanny, if what I have said has offended you.”

“ How

"How can it, Sir?—You speak but as a brother, who finds the care of a sister somewhat troublesome to his feelings."

"No, Fanny, I speak *against* my feelings;—I speak what, I hope, may be for *your* benefit, but what ruins mine!—Yes, Fanny, 'tis the greatest happiness of my life to see you, to speak to you, to write to you;—but, when that day comes which gives you to another, I must write, speak, and see you *no more.*"

Wilson was greatly affected. During the whole of the conversation did he try to overcome his sensations; he trembled as he uttered the last words, and, as he finished, walked towards the window.

Fanny

Fanny could not fail to notice the agitation of his mind ; she walked up to him, and taking his hand, kindly said—

“ My dear brother !”

Surely never did the note of affection come in so unseasonable a moment, or was so kind an epithet ever so ungrateful. Wilson could not stand it ; hastily withdrawing his hand from her's, then again as eagerly catching it, and imprinting a kiss, he dropped it with a sigh, and said—

“ Dear Fanny, God bless you !—I can no longer dissemble.—If I must be as a brother, never can I see you again ; unless in the hour of difficulty and
5 danger,

danger, which I trust will never be your lot ;—should you need a protector, then, wherever he is, Wilson will leave the world to fly to you.—Yes, Fanny, my life, my fame, my fortune, I'll willingly devote to your service. But I cannot stand by, and give you into the arms of another.—Fond fool that I was ! I have nourished the passion that consumes me !—Presuming on your friendship for me, I sometimes fancied I might have another interest in your heart, very different from that of a brother. God bless you then, my dear *sister* !—Since it must be so, your *brother* will send his last farewell from Ireland."

Wilson

Wilson was rushing hastily out of the room ; Fanny spoke.

“ Dear Wilson, stay—don’t leave me in this hasty manner !—You shall be all that’s dear to me ;—but not my bro——”

The last word hung upon her lips as Wilson, having turned round, triumphantly clasped her in his arms, and stopped any further confession by the chaste kiss of love.

Fanny smiled upon him ; the enraptured lover poured out the secrets of his whole soul to his mistress, and every fear fled away before a mutual eclairsissement.

Mr.

Mr. Townsend was not long in knowing the effects of Wilson's oratory to induce Fanny to sanction the addresses of a more favoured lover, and he highly approved of her choice.

The Irish expedition was considered by the gentlemen as too far advanced to be now delayed, and Fanny silently acquiesced. Wilson, full of hopes, left England; enlivened with the promise of his Fanny, that her hand should be bestowed where her heart was already, as soon as he returned.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

WHEN M'Ginnis was somewhat recovered from the faintness which the great loss of blood had occasioned, the agitation of his mind became so violent, that it was with difficulty the surgeon could restrain him from sallying forth in the evening, wounded as he was, in search of his adversary.

Exclusive

Exclusive of his original hatred against Wilson, revenge for his late miscarriage spurred him on; and, to complete his angry passions, he found that the other remembered him.

In the person of Wilson he saw his ancient enemy, his present foe, and the man who, at a future day, might be his utter ruin. Willingly would he have given half his property to accomplish the destruction of Wilson, which he was resolved should take place in a more sure, though less public manner than he had so lately attempted.

He spent a restless, sleepless night; full of plots, unresolved and confused.

The

The next day he was in a high fever; and being satisfied of the absolute necessity of his own confinement and quiet for a time, he gave orders to the most trusty of his Officers, to take all but twenty chosen horse, and, with as many of the infantry as they could muster, to endeavour to join the French forces; he told them also, that he would himself follow as soon as his wounds would permit, which he hoped would be in a few days.

In the evening of the second day after his rencounter, M'Ginnis sent some trusty horsemen to the neighbourhood of Kilnclugh, to endeavour to bring off a few prisoners, that he might gain some information of the forces that remained

remained in those parts, and if Wilson was still among them. He had reason to think that they had joined the troops of the Lord Lieutenant; though he was fearless of any attack in his present station.

They brought two men. By them he found that to prevent a junction of the rebel forces, they kept the same situation; and that Wilson, and part of the corps to which he belonged, were in barracks without the town, in an old Monastery.

One of the men was of the same troop, and for some time M'Ginnis questioned him, in hopes that he might prove equal to the task, which he at present intended.

He

He found this man, as well as the other prisoner, totally unfit; and his mind now revolved among his own men, for one bold and resolute, whom he could trust.

After a little thought he fixed upon a fellow, of the name of O'Rourk, one who had repeatedly signalized himself for his intrepidity and spirit, and but the day preceding M'Ginnis's last attack, had been engaged in skirmishes in the same part of the country.

Often when M'Ginnis has viewed the bold, haughty, savage, and desperate conduct of this fellow, has he said within himself—

“ Such

“Such a one should I have been, had I been born in his humble station.”

When M'Ginnis first came to Ireland, this man was at sea, whither he had fled to avoid the stronger arm of the law. In a private quarrel with a countryman concerning a pretty girl, O'Rourke had left the other for dead, and fled the kingdom immediately. Hearing his rival was recovered, he left his ship, where he had also signalized himself in the mutiny, and returned home. His mistress he found in the house of M'Ginnis, and much too high to listen to any overtures from him.

O'Rourke joined the United Irishmen; and having very soon brought himself

himself into notice, M'Ginnis took him into his own corps, and in a little time he became a great favourite, and domesticated in the house. Here having frequent interviews with his mistress, it is likely his violent temper would have burst all bounds, had he not had sufficient employment to prevent brooding, mischief-making thought.

M'Ginnis had frequently noticed his behaviour to Nelly. Sometimes the damsel would condescend to trifle a little with her old lover, and the ruffian would catch a half-willing kiss. About a week before he had received his wound, M'Ginnis had discovered their former acquaintance, and he had wavered in his mind whether or not he should get

rid at once of so dangerous a rival ; but well knowing it was in his power at any time, by sending him on a dangerous adventure—or, if that should fail, by his own pistol in the confusion of an action, he spared him, at least for the present, while he had occasion for his services.

Concerning the fair Nelly, M'Ginnis cared but little ; yet he was never inclined to resign any thing without an equivalent, or for his own peculiar advantage.

He now sent for O'Rourke into his chamber. The man came. The attendants were all dismissed out of the room.

“ O'Rourke,”

“O'Rourk,” said M'Ginnis, “I saw you kiss Nelly the other day as I crossed the court.”

O'Rourk coloured with anger.

“Nay,” continued M'Ginnis, “perhaps you can tell me you have a prior right—a better title than myself.”

O'Rourk was silent, but his gloom gave way to his attention.

“O'Rourk,” the other proceeded, “answer me with your usual candour—how do you like me as your Commander?”

“Well—very well,” replied the other; “in action no man can excel

c 2 . you.

you. You are haughty at home; but perhaps that is what they call discipline. I am satisfied."

"Of what use is my courage *now*?" said M'Ginnis, with a deep groan.

"I am sorry to see your Honour so grievously wounded," exclaimed the other, somewhat moved; "would I had been with you at the moment—my trusty shellala——"

"I marked my enemy on the left cheek," M'Ginnis continued, "but *my sword* failed me."—The nicety of truth he no more regarded than his kinsman, Marauder.—"Had you come up, O'Rourk, the villain would not have escaped."

"I hope we shall have him yet,"
replied

replied O'Rourke, with glee, forgetting the beginning of the conversation.

“ I know him well,” said M'Ginnis ;
“ had I not been in this state, he should, ere now, have bit the dust. In England I have before seen the fellow. He is the rascal that ruined the fortune of my worthy relation, Marauder, your excellent landlord.”—He indulged himself next in his invectives against Wilson, till he thought he had enough inflamed the passions of his vassal.

“ Would I had him here by the throat !” exclaimed O'Rourke ; “ I'd bury my skean in his heart's blood.”

“ With an enemy so infamous, treacherous, and unprincipled, any means are fair ?” said his Officer to him, putting his words in the form of a question.

“Undoubtedly,” replied the other:

“Never again will the wretch meet me face to face in battle. I hear he still survives, and I am cautioned to beware of treachery. It is my duty not only to guard against it, but to serve him in his own kind.”

“If I should find him in his bed, your Honour, I’ll not ask him to rise. If I can catch him in his cups, I will not wait till he has finished his draught.”

“Yes, O’Rourk,” said M’Ginnis, warmly, “that brave spirit of thine made me fix my eye on thee, as one most trusty, and never to be daunted. But think not I mean to send thee on a hazardous attempt, and then talk of some petty reward. No; I’ll furnish thee with the means of success. The
danger

danger shall not be great ;—to a man of thy courage it shall be as nothing.—If then, O'Rourke, thou wilt undertake this work of friendship, not only will I give up to thee a comfortable farm, with ready money, and for ever make thee independent ; but I will sacrifice my own desires to thine—thou shalt have Nelly too."

The joy of the savage forbade all utterance ; the moist drops of gratitude glistened in his eyes ; his rugged features softened with his silent thanks. But ardour in his generous patron's cause, revenge against *his* enemy quickly roused him.

“Where is the cursed villain to be found?—Tell me, your Honour, but *how* I am to know him, and the first day he ventures into the field, though the devil himself were by his side, I’ll ride up to your enemy, and cleave him in his seat, or perish in the attempt!”

“His coming into the field,” remarked M’Ginnis, sarcastically, “may be long, and uncertain at last. I’ll shew you a nearer way. Get privately to his presence, shoot him, and make your escape.”

“Sir!—murder him in cold blood!”

“Do you demur how you are to destroy such a wretch?—my enemy—your enemy—the enemy of every United Irishman, every friend to his country?”

“General,

“General, have I ever been slack in the cause—when, in the day of battle, have I shrunk back?”

“What, then you require the noise and confusion of a common fight to rouse your courage.—Is it the brave O’Rourk that I am talking to?—Am I myself a coward who propose the deed?—Is the lovely reward of no value?”

“It is enough,” he answered with firmness, “you are my Commander;—it shall be done. I would, indeed, rather have met hand to hand; but your reasons are sufficient—your cause, my country’s cause make it right.”

A satisfactory smile illumined the features of M’Ginnis;—he perceived O’Rourk had somewhat more to say.

“ May I see Nelly before I go?—
How am I to satisfy you the deed is
done?”

“ I’ll take your word,” replied
M’Ginnis, with an affectation of can-
dour. “ See Nelly if you like: yet I
think you had better not, till you re-
turn. Women—are women, O’Rourk;
there is a kind of foolish pity they can-
not overcome.”

“ I will not see her till I return with
success. If I fail, you shall never be-
hold me more.”

“ You cannot—you shall not fail,”
exclaimed M’Ginnis, with a dreadful
oath.—“ Now, O’Rourk, hear atten-
tively the methods I have taken for
your success.—Do you know my famous
English stallion?”

“ Do

“ Do I know the first horse in the world, your Honour?—In speed, in strength he excels all I ever saw ;—and in leaping, not even our famous Irish horses can beat him. On him I fear nothing ”

“ On him you shall ride—Know you an old large building, once a Monastery, near the town of Kilnclagh?”

“ Close to the left hand of the old gateway?”

“ The same. In those apartments lodge my enemy and his comrades. Ride to the gates of the building, ring the bell, ask for their Captain Wilson. Take this parcel.”—As M‘Ginnis spoke, he opened a drawer, and holding it in his hand, continued—“ Say you must deliver it to none but himself.—Mind

me, O'Rourk;—examine this part which I now touch with my left hand—pull that piece which rises at top;—there, 'tis a pocket-pistol. Now 'tis cocked; see, the trigger is sprung from beneath. I have loaded it, and made it fast to the paper. Thus easily it uncocks, the trigger flies up. It goes with ease and safety in your pocket. Though small, I've proved 'tis sure."

O'Rourk expressed his surprise at the ingenuity of the contrivance.—“I could have sworn it had been a bundle of papers.”

M'Ginnis, all animation, continued—
“Have it ready in your hand; wait till this Wilson comes close to you;

reach out your arm with the parcel—be steady—fire into the middle of his body. If it fails, blame me. I ask no more.—Then try the speed of my racer ; and Nelly is for ever your's."

O'Rourk felt himself inspired with the ardour of his Commander.—" It cannot fail," said he ; " if he will not come to the gate to me, I'll enter the court-yard. I know the low wall on the other side—'tis nothing of a leap."

" Be calm—be determined—and you are already successful "

O'Rourk seemed to reflect a moment.—" Why his body?—Let me shoot him in the head ?"

" No ; it is possible to miss him there.

there. Make sure of the body. I have prepared the balls. A touch is death."

It was early on the third morning that this conversation took place.— M'Ginnis proposed that he should set off immediately; O'Rourk assented. The distance was about eight Irish miles.

The horse was ordered.

Wary and thoughtful, M'Ginnis had revolved the whole plot in the preceding night; and such was his eagerness to complete the deadly deed, that, in defiance of his wounds, he sat up in his bed as soon as it was light, and prepared the fatal gift for one, to whom, from
his

his youth, he had been an inveterate foe.

As O'Rourk was leaving the room, M'Ginnis again spoke.

"Stay one moment, my friend: Do you remember the name?—'Tis written on the parcel; but, to prevent a mistake, take this paper."

The fellow read—"Captain Wilson, of the Southford Fencibles.—I cannot mistake my man."

"Mind also a fresh wound on the left cheek, or lower part of the temple."

"I shall know him in an instant," said O'Rourk.

"Hark!"

“ Hark !” exclaimed M’Ginnis, “ the horse is ready—I hear him walking in the court-yard. How well I know his anxious step—so sharp and quick in all his paces ! When I next hear him again, O’Rourk, I shall have lost my greatest enemy—and thou wilt have gained thy dearest friend.—Come, one glass more to her health, and thy success.”

O’Rourk tossed off his glass of brandy, and departed directly.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

LONG did the time seem to M'Ginnis after O'Rourke was departed; he found himself in a state of dreadful suspense, such as he had never before so strongly experienced.

M'Ginnis was now weak with his wounds, and feverish with the agitation of his spirits; every thing affected him
in

in a more powerful manner than when he was in health.

When two hours had passed, and O'Rourk was not returned, alarm, apprehension, suspicions of a thousand different kinds began to torment him. He could not bear any person in the room with him; yet every five minutes was he ringing his bell for the assistance of some one, that, together with the aid of his crutches, he might look out at the window.

The evening at last closed in, and O'Rourk returned not. Yet M'Ginnis was rather calmer than he was a few hours before, and tried to reason upon the subject.—Wilson might not be at home.

home. O'Rourk was resolute and trusty, and waited, perhaps, for his coming.—He might have changed his quarters; O'Rourk would certainly go after him.

It was now quite dark. M'Ginnis lay upon his couch listening to every wind; the gnawing fangs of suspense, writhing him to and fro, no longer gave him a moment's ease.

He hears at a distance a horse coming;—he is all attention. Nearer and more near it approaches.

“It is—I'll swear it is my stallion!”

The horse *neighs*, and trots into the court-yard.

“Huzza!”

“Huzza!” cries M’Ginnis; “’tis the note of triumph.”

He rings his bell violently.. His servant comes. He hears a buzzing of voices in the yard. The name of O’Rourk is sounded.

“Fly!” cries M’Ginnis, “bring O’Rourk here immediately!”

The attendant disappears. No one for some minutes comes near him.— M’Ginnis rings and calls; he strikes his crutch against the ground, to bring up his servants.

The attendant comes up alone.

M’Ginnis

McGinnis exclaims—"Where is O'Rourke?—Is he wounded—is he hurt? No matter—he has succeeded in his business, and he shall have his reward."

Cautiously his servant answers him, knowing the violence of his master's temper—"The horse, Sir, is returned without O'Rourke."

"What?"

The man repeated the same words.

"Who rode him?"

"He came, Sir, without any rider."

McGinnis is thoughtful for a while.

"It

he was in. As this was impracticable, M'Ginnis was carried by four people below, and the horse brought to him.

M'Ginnis narrowly examined his leg. — “It's as clear as the day,” cried he; “on leaping he struck the wall, which threw O'Rourk, and occasioned this mark!”

With the greatest surprise the surgeon, and others who were present, saw his agitated behaviour, and heard his words; so very different from his usual conduct concerning himself, which had ever been cautious and reserved.

At first his surgeon thought that he was light-headed, and even now he began to apprehend

apprehend that the fever was settled upon his brain. The purport of his words, and the whole of the circumstances to which he alluded, no person present had the most distant idea of. O'Rourk, they knew, went out in the morning, and the horse was returned without him; but why the latter should be a circumstance of joy, they could in no respect conceive.

M'Ginnis now began to recollect himself a little; and to the entreaties of his surgeon, who begged him to be more quiet, and wished to feel his pulse, he assented. The surgeon declared that he was in a high fever, and desired him to take some cooling draughts. To this M'Ginnis was necessitated to consent,

and a strong opiate at last lulled him into a temporary slumber.

It is time to see with what success O'Rourke conducted himself.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

O'ROURK was dressed in a plain garb, and a great-coat of M'Giannis's; and furnished with an orange cockade, which he exchanged into the place of his own, as soon as he had proceeded a few miles on the road. He went at a pretty good rate, and did not attempt to indulge in any reflections upon the business he was about.

In little more than an hour he arrived there ; for, as he intended to return with great speed, he purposely went the slower.

He rung at the bell.

A soldier appeared in the yard.

O'Rourk.—"Are the Southford Fencibles here?"

Soldier.—"Yes, some of them.—Whom do you want?"

O'Rourk.—"Captain Wilson."

Soldier.—"I am his servant, and have known him many a good year. You may send your business by me."

The

The man who spoke was evidently an Irishman.

“And you are an Irishman!” said O'Rourke, who forgot at the instant the colour of his own cockade.

“Well,” replied the soldier, “is there any thing surprising in that?—One would think *you* were of this united gang by your question. But what is your business with my master?”

O'Rourke.—“I have papers of great consequence, which I am to deliver unto his own person; so I beg you'll tell him that I wait here for the purpose, as I have a great way to go to-day.”

“Well, come into the yard,” said the other, opening the gate; “I'll call my master directly.”

O'Rourke entered ; the gate was again closed. The ruffian smiled at the needless precaution.

The soldier went in to call Captain Wilson.

O'Rourke recovered himself from the little confusion his first mistake had made, and walked his horse calmly up to the wall, to review the spot where he intended to take his leap.

He had just fixed it in his mind when Wilson, with his servant, came out.

With caution the messenger of death took out the fatal parcel. He deliberately placed his thumb on the cock.

Wilson

Wilson approached him in a loose morning-gown, as from a sick chamber, with his handkerchief to his face.

"I am to deliver this to none but Captain Wilson, of the Southford Fencibles," said O'Rourk, in his rough tone.

"I am he," replied Wilson, with his voice rather muffled by his handkerchief.

"My master thought—heard," continued O'Rourk, upon his guard, and determined to make sure of his right prey, "that you were wounded, the other day, on the left cheek."

"Who is your master?" replied Wilson, and, as he spoke, he took his handkerchief from his face, to shew the cut

56. INFERNAL QUIXOTE.

near his left eye, which was covered with a black patch, and much swelled.

O'Rourke lifted up the fatal instrument, and pointed it with a certain aim.

Wilson's hand was stretched out to receive it.

The savage fixed his eyes, as he cocked the pistol, on his intended victim. In an instant he started in his seat, uttered the horrid yell so well known among the Irish, and dropped the fatal weapon.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the fellow, lifting up his hands in an agony;

"I

"I have not murdered him!" and the big tears rolled down his brawny cheeks.

Wilson's servant sprung forward, and seized the reins of his horse.

Wilson cautiously picked up the parcel, and feeling it hard, tore open the paper, and found the pistol.

For some seconds O'Rourke sat on his horse, as one thunderstruck.

"Who sent you here?" said Wilson, speaking to him as if he recognized a person he had seen before, and guessed at his errand; "who employed you in this work of death?" looking at the pistol.

“*Your* life is safe,” replied the other, in a kind of frenzy. “Though hell, I know, is open to receive me, I will not carry the murder of him who saved *my* life even there.—Come,” continued he, looking wildly at Wilson’s servant, who still held the horse, and who had drawn his sword, “dispatch me!” and he threw himself with violence off the horse, and laid on the ground.

Wilson desired his servant not to touch him, and ordered him to stand up.

The man obeyed.

“Give me then the pistol!”

Wilson

Wilson held it from him.

“ Oh wretch and villain that I am,” exclaimed he, “ it is fit I should be my own executioner !” and he looked wildly about him, as if for the means of destroying himself.

Wilson’s servant let go the horse, and seized him by the arm. The fellow attempted not the least resistance.

“ Well then lead me to the common death. I had rather die publicly on the scaffold, amid the shouts of the people, than live in peace and plenty by the murder of my preserver !”

“ Your life is safe.—Answer what I have to say to you,” said Wilson.

It has been mentioned that O'Rourk was not present at the engagement between M'Ginnis and Wilson; but had been out in a skirmish in the same part of the country, the very day before. Surprised in their plundering, many had been taken prisoners. O'Rourk having been disarmed by Wilson, was compelled to surrender.

Touched with compassion for the fate of a man, whose death he knew was inevitable, he gave credit to a pitiful story of O'Rourk's—that he had a wife and a large family, to save whom he had been obliged to join the United Irishmen; and Wilson, trusting to his promises, permitted his escape.

Though

Though long had every virtuous glow been smothered in this man's breast, yet still a latent spark survived, which the strange occurrences of the day had suddenly excited.

O'Rourk's horse, the moment he was released, began galloping around the court. Captain Wilson ordered his servant to catch him; and thus addressed his late foe.

Wilson.—“Who set you on this attempt?”

O'Rourk.—“I must not tell.”

Wilson.—“If you have, of your own accord, sworn otherwise, I will not require his name of you. Even to a villain an oath is sacred.”

O'Rourk.

O'Rourke.—I swore never to see his face again till I had murdered you; yet had I rather be ten times forsworn, than be guilty of your blood. My life is forfeited. Death I deserve. If you will not take it from me, I shall not long want the means of freeing myself. Why should I discover my employer? let the villany die with me!"

Wilson.—Cannot another attempt the same?—May not a timely discovery prevent it?—You but half save my life, if you will not forewarn me against whom I am to be upon my guard."

O'Rourke.—"Yes, yes, you are right. I'll sacrifice every tie to save you.—Beware of M'Ginnis."

Wilson.—"Of whom?"

O'Rourke.

O'Rourke.—" M'Ginnis, brave, haughty, and cruel!—M'Ginnis, sly, treacherous, and revengeful!—M'Ginnis, who fears not God nor man!—M'Ginnis, my employer, my Commander, a General of the United Irish—my patron, on whom all my hopes depended—who, as a reward, promised me wealth, independence, and the woman that I loved."

Wilson.—" Why against me does M'Ginnis send the assassin? I know not M'Ginnis."

O'Rourke.—" Not know M'Ginnis, who now lies on his couch with the wounds you inflicted; and the mark of whose sword you still bear on your left cheek."

Wilson.

Wilson.—"That came from another hand--Marauder's."

O'Rourke.—"No, no. M'Ginnis's, the kinsman--and, as they say, a strong likeness--of Marauder."

Wilson.—"I cannot be mistaken. The villain's looks recognized me. M'Ginnis's name I have never heard till I came into Ireland. M'Ginnis I have never seen. M'Ginnis I never offended.--Marauder, from my youth, has been the first enemy--the most restless, the most inveterate I ever had. It must be Marauder."

While this conversation was taking place between Captain Wilson and O'Rourke, the servant of the young Officer was trying to catch the horse.

The

The noise brought a few men out of the building (for the rest of the troop were exercising in a field at no great distance), and, with their assistance, the horse was enclosed near the corner. When the animal found himself hard pressed, and as one of the men caught at the bridle, which had fallen down, he turned short round, reared on his hind-legs, and took the same wall O'Rourk had intended to ride him over; though not without striking one of his hind-legs, through the accident of the bridle being in the way. Now in the open country, he disregarded the trifling hurt, and galloped away with incredible speed, while Wilson's servant returned to his master.

Wilson.

Wilson clearly found from O'Rourke, that the person he had taken for Marauder, whoever he was, was the same that had plotted to assassinate him. Satisfied in this point, he turned his attention towards O'Rourke, and taking him up alone into his chamber, he at last, more by the force of entreaties than arguments, made the savage promise not to destroy himself.

O'Rourke declared every particular that he knew of M'Giannis, as well as of himself.

Wilson, hearing that he had been in the sea service, and wishing to provide a safe situation for the man, gave him a passport to Dublin, with a letter to a friend,

friend of his, who was in the Navy, and whose ship he knew was at that time victualling.

The letter hinted, at O'Rourke's former riotous conduct, and his leaving his ship (now in the East Indies); but Wilson dwelt at large upon his remorse and repentance; for he had no doubt that it was real, and had every reasonable hope that it was permanent, from the strong mind of the man.

Wilson knew that the gentleman to whom he recommended this man, was of a free and liberal disposition, uninfluenced by the selfish fears and illiberal suspicions which generally accompany those who are hacknied in the affairs of
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the world, and who, in their conduct with others, proceed with a caution, *misnamed prudence*, that damps every kind, generous, and virtuous emotion of the heart.—That merciless, that unforgiving temper, which so many possess whom the want of temptation, or the apathy of their passions, keeps virtuous, is indirectly the cause of as much vice in the world, as the uncurbed violence of indulged youth, whose wilful desires are their only law.

Who threw that poor girl on the town ? the hapless victim of poverty, ignominy, disease, and death !!—Was it the unrestrained passion of the son in an unguarded moment ; or the cool and deliberate judgment of his mother, that
turned

turned her penniless from her house, blasted her character, and took from her every friend?

The poor wretch that yesterday paid the forfeit of his crimes at the fatal tree, some years since committed a petty theft, was discovered, and properly punished. Shame drove him from home, repentance kept him honest.—

Many years had passed by, and he had gained a new master, new friends, and a new name; when, lo! a purse-proud man, who never felt temptation without the power of gratifying it, came to the spot. He recognized the poor sinner,

he tore open the half-healed wound!—

His master discards him—his friends forsake him;—again necessity and

revenge

revenge supply him with the means of subsistence; he robs *him* whose excessive honesty had destroyed his daily bread—he is taken—and dies!

That these poor criminals neglected their duty to God, and to their neighbour, by yielding to temptation, is evident; but who was the tempter?—What then (a man in the full possession of the good things of this world, may say) are the wicked to be treated like other men?—No; but the penitent are ever to be forgiven; not *in word* only, or *in deed*, but as far as we are able, *in thought*. The proverb says, “forget and forgive;”—which is, while you cease punishing the crime, let not your remembrance, directly or indirectly,

rectly, revive the offence. The man who reminds the faults of another to that person's disadvantage, can never have forgiven the offence; because the very act of reminding, is indirectly punishing the offender. This is what makes scandal so hated of gods and men, as it is contrary to the first part of charity—*forgiveness*.

“ Let him, who is without sin, throw the first stone.” And the whole life of Jesus Christ was in direct opposition to this common conduct of mankind—oppressing the fallen. The rich, the great, the noble, the proud, the self-satisfied he avoided;—the man of fame, of honour, of renown, he noticed not. No; the wicked he exhorted, the penitent

penitent he sought for, the repentant sinner he cheered. What others, *who called themselves good*, would not do, he did—seek the society of those, whose noted crimes separated them from others, that, by his own conduct and doctrine, he might convince, reform, and save them; and this THE SAVIOUR continued to do, even in the agonies of death.

This want of *decent pride* his enemies objected against him. Yet which of all his followers proved an offender against human or divine laws? But one, and *he* was a man of wonderful honesty, who carried the bag, who boasted his good-will to the poor, who quickly saw a foible in another, and condemned the offender.

offender. In short, I firmly believe that as much goodness consists in turning another from vice, as in being virtuous ourselves.

To a man of this liberal turn of mind O'Rourk was sent.

When Wilson's letter was brought, he desired O'Rourk to come into the room.

"My friend Wilson has candidly told me your history, as well as character."

"I know it, your Honour."

"I am willing to try you."

"Your Honour shall never repent it."

“ I hope not. — The secret shall never escape my lips to any one. ” — He put the letter into the fire. — “ You have now the opportunity of beginning the world anew. You are safe with me ; and, as you conduct yourself, so shall I trust you. ”

“ I thank your Honour — I ask no other. ”

“ I can get your pardon from the Government, as a repentant United Irishman. This will also exempt you from punishment for having left your ship, if by any accident you should hereafter be known. Consider me as your friend — behave accordingly — and you'll always find me so. ”

“ God bless your Honour ! If early in life my masters had proved my
friends,

“Friends, I had never, I think, turned out the rascal that I have.”

“Well, all the ill, I trust, is now past.—If you require any money to rig yourself out, I will advance it you.”

O'Rourk thanked him ; but said the generosity of Captain Wilson had made it unnecessary. O'Rourk was sent on board the ship the next day ; where we will leave him, and return to his employer.

CHAP. V.

THOUGH, on the over night, M'Ginnis considered the return of the horse without his rider as a favourable circumstance, yet with the morning, in spite of his confidence and self-deceit, his apprehensions returned, and he was restless and uneasy to know for certain whether the murderous business had been carried into effect. Concerning the fate of O'Rourk he was quite
indif-

indifferent; and, provided he could hear that Wilson was no more, the death of his messenger would have afforded him rather joy than sorrow.

This perturbed and violent temper greatly delayed, from day to day, the recovery of M'Ginnis. Sometimes a messenger would reach him of the success of the French; and then his rage and indignation, to think that he was prevented from participating in their glory, could scarcely be restrained.

One day, about a week after O'Rourk's expedition, when he was somewhat in the mending order,—the wound in his side was closed, and he was able with one crutch to walk about the room,—his

servant alarmed him with the news that one of the men, whose turn it was to keep guard at the entrance of the wood, had just arrived with the intelligence that the enemy were endeavouring to make their approaches through it.

M'Ginnis, convinced of the strength of the spot he had chosen, and well knowing the badness of the roads, the difficulties of the way, impervious to a stranger, could at first scarcely give credit to the man. He sent for him immediately into his chamber.

The fellow corroborated the story.

Orders were instantly issued to prepare for their defence, and to reconnoitre

noître what forces were coming against them.

Cannon, M'Ginnis was certain, could not act; cavalry to a large amount, he knew, with his small and chosen troop, he could oppose with the greatest success; and infantry were so exposed to the fire of his men, that he had little apprehension, unless they were in great force. He was sorry, in his ardour for the general cause, that he had sent away any of his men before him; with the whole of his forces, in his present situation, he would have defied any numbers that the Government were at present able to send against him, as long as his provisions lasted.

Now he began to suspect that O'Rourke had betrayed him ; yet, from the great promises he had made the man, it did not seem likely.

In a very little time another messenger came, who informed him that the enemy were proceeding with the greatest caution, and protecting themselves as they approached.

All hopes of ensnaring them he resigned, and determined to oppose every inch of ground ; and, if he found the number too powerful, to cut his way through them towards the French, or retreat into the wild country behind him.

Now

Now again did the Irish hero, in no very mild terms, lament his incapacity of heading his forces. With so choice a set of horses and men as he had remaining with him, and so well acquainted with the country, he would have had few apprehensions of joining the foreign supplies.

The advice of his surgeon could no longer prevent his going out on horseback, with a soft pad on his horse, instead of a saddle, on which he could rest his leg. He soon saw, from the number of his foes, that he could not withstand them for many days, when once they came to know the small number of his soldiers.

By making the most of his mén, sometimes shewing them on horseback, sometimes on foot, he kept the enemy at a distance, and made them proceed in the most regular manner.

He was now certified that O'Rourk had not betrayed his strength, and the best method of attacking him, from the systematic conduct of his enemy; and anxiously with his glass he looked among the foe, and rejoiced that he saw no one that bore the port of Wilson.

On the third day he discovered an opportunity of cutting off a small body of infantry; and he sent ten of his best horses down an intricate path for that purpose. Till this time he had ventured

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nothing

nothing in the open day, but made all his attacks at night.

His men sallied forth, and were proceeding to the charge, when some cavalry he had never seen before, rode up to support the pioneers.

Greatly superior in number to his horse, the latter turned round, and made all the haste back. The others pressed close upon them; but finding the pursuit in vain, retired slowly to their former station.

M'Ginnis fancied that the uniform of the cavalry was like that which Wilson had worn. When the pursuit was over, he was able to take a more distinct view

of their leader, and, as the Officer occasionally turned his head towards them, he observed a patch on his left cheek.

Not another object human could have struck such terror into the soul of M'Ginnis!—Nay, I doubt if any of the victims of his infamy had, in the dead of night, appeared before him, that the horror of the spectacle would so strongly have affected his feelings, as the side-view of the face he now saw at a distance, in the full blaze of day.

When the horse of the enemy, in their return, came up to the pioneers, they fronted round, and stood still.

M'Ginnis's

M'Ginnis's glass had dropped from his hand, and broke ; he called for one more excellent, and recovering his presence of mind, dismounted from his horse, and leaned against the side of a tree.

With his telescope fixed, he had now a full view, though the distance was greater.

The more he looked, the more was he assured that the Officer was Wilson.

He saw him get off his horse, he saw him go towards the infantry. M'Ginnis directed his glass to the spot where the supposed Wilson stood. As he looked, he beheld a party directing a glass
towards

towards *him*. Wilson applied his eye to the instrument; M'Ginnis, for the first time in his life, felt the appalling stroke of shame; he went behind the tree.

From this moment a gloomy despondency, owing to the late virulence of his passions, his disappointment, his illness, his present debility, seized on the soul of M'Ginnis.

His former confidence failed him, and he instantly determined on flight, if a vigorous attack he meditated that night did not fully succeed.

The assault was returned with redoubled fury; M'Ginnis's men fled, and some few were taken prisoners.

Their

Their Chief resolved to make his escape the following evening ; and, having packed up every thing worth carrying off, he sent a few of his troop, with all his domestic servants, the wives of his men, and the whole of the baggage, down into the interior of the country, and, with the rest, prepared to join the French.

He arrived at a small town near the river Shannon, which he purposed to cross in the morning ; but great was his surprise when he found his party opposed at the entrance into the place.

His men attempted to fight, but were soon surrounded. Four of them, with their General, whose wound had induced him

him to go in the rear, and who was mounted on his famous horse, alone got off.

Narrowly did M'Ginnis escape being taken. He received a shot from a carbine over the right temple, and another grazed his shoulder, in the pursuit. They were closely pressed for many miles, but the excellency of their horses saved them.

They got at last to a poor hovel, whose owner they knew had been a violent Defender, and here they left their Commander, who could not proceed any further.

What a change for the gallant, gay,
and

and haughty Marauder !—Disguised like a poor female, sore with his wounds, without necessary attendance, food, or clothing, he was left on a miserable couch, with the sole attendance of a man, who seemed the legitimate child of rapine and hunger.

If Marauder (as a lady high in rank once said he did) bore the appearance of Milton's Satan, the Prince of Hell; one of the lowest of the fallen angels could not have been better personified than by the wretch, whose guest he now was.

This man might have lived in peace and plenty, with not only the necessities, but the comforts of life, had not

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an envious and ambitious temper rankled in his bosom. Among the first to take the *Defender's oath*, he had rode nightly about the country, with a desperate gang, to plunder, lay waste, and sometimes murder: not that he was in want of any thing, for he lived as a gardener to a gentleman, who paid him most liberally.

One night, in an attack upon a house in the neighbourhood, he received a shot in his leg; this he endeavoured to conceal; neglect produced a mortification, and he was obliged to lose the limb. He had been before suspected; this corroborated the suspicions; he was of course discharged from his present service. His master's
humanity

humanity did not attempt to get any proof against him, but generously gave him for life the house and garden in which he now lived.

One thing only works upon a mind like this--interest. This M'Ginnis knew, and, as soon as he was alone with the man, he gave up to him the best part of the property he had visibly about him, and promised him without end at a future day. Nor did this man know the consequence of the person who was with him, M'Ginnis wearing the garb of a private man.

When the other four men departed, they promised to return with a proper convey-

conveyance. Their present object was to reach the French army as soon as possible, which they had no doubt, by this time, were got near the capital.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

ON the first evening that M'Ginnis occupied his forlorn habitation, he had to experience another mortification. His host, who had been out to get him some better refreshment, had heard a flying rumour, that the whole of the French army had surrendered prisoners of war to Marquis Cornwallis. This was certain, that the French forces had made no progress towards the capital, and

and few of the inhabitants, as they passed along, had joined them.

If this news proved true, M'Ginnis saw that the great stake he now played for was *his own safety*, and he determined to leave the kingdom as privately as possible; and, as Marauder, arrive in England, and be the most inveterate against his rebel cousin, M'Ginnis.— His leisure time, and he had at present enough for reflections of all kinds, was chiefly occupied by schemes of English glory; yet, whenever he had moulded one to his purpose, the form of Wilson would start up, and haunt his prospects. The death of one so hated, so dreaded, he was resolved to perpetrate with his own hand; and the best method to put
this

this in execution, was another amusement for him.

The wound in his face was not long in healing. The scar he would greatly have regarded, had it happened sooner, as it would have marked the person of M'Ginnis; at present he cared little about it. The large seam which remained, rather assisted to disguise him, than otherwise; and he knew he could easily invent a plausible story of his having received it in the West Indies.

As his health grew better, his views were more bold; and Fanny, whom he had almost forgotten, was no longer left out of the prospect.

In

In this concealment the Irish Chief remained a month ; never went out in the daytime but as a poor, old, infirm female ; in the night he could prowl more leisurely about in his own garb.

A fifth week he staid at this hut to provide himself with a safe disguise, the search after the Rebel Chiefs being most diligent. Neither of his attendants ever returned, and the news of the defeat and surrender of their French Allies had been full surely confirmed.

When he at last left the hut, he had torn off the binding of his clothes, and fastened on a different colour, and otherwise altered his dress. His beard was grown, his hair long and matted, his whole

whole appearance wretched, and the noble Marauder sallied forth from the cabin—A BEGGAR.

When he departed, he thought it prudent to give most of his remaining things of value to his host; and he endeavoured to make him believe that he purposed to destroy himself. He had still some money about him, and notes on England enough to pay his expences there, as soon as he could get to a place where they might be turned into cash.

He had travelled a few miles, when a thought struck him to assume the person of a foreigner; and, as he was perfect master of the Italian language,

he adopted that in preference to any other, as being less liable to be detected, and not subject to those suspicions the French would create.

When questioned by any one, or in want of necessaries, he made use of such phrases as these—"Me be une poor Italiene Jew; me va goine to Angle. Me lose ship—all go! Me swim—all die! Vat poor jew do?"—He forged also a name for the vessel.

By this disguise of an Italian Jew, he passed without the smallest suspicion.

At a gentleman's seat, where he was hospitably entertained, he met with an
old

old acquaintance, who had full reason to remember him, as Marauder. This was no other than the young emigrant Officer, who came over to England with Captain Geutespiere, to call Marauder and Fahany to an account concerning the affair of Leonora. Captain Duchesne's regiment being disbanded, he was arrived in Ireland for an asylum, as he was rather fearful at present of going to England.

This Officer conversed with the Italian Jew for some time in the Italian language, and, among other things, told him how very like he was to a man, whom he should remember as long as he lived, though he never saw him but once. The Frenchman particularly

noticed the sound of his voice, which Marauder had not thought it necessary to disguise, not at the first recollecting the other. He left this place as soon as he decently could; the scrutinizing looks of the young Frenchman, and the officious manner so peculiar to that nation, teased more than they alarmed him.

The late wound he had received on his right temple, the Officer enquired about; and the Jew gave him some plausible account of his receiving it at the time of his pretended shipwreck.

When Duchesne first addressed his old opponent, he asked if he understood French. The incautious Jew had just
before

before conversed with the emigrant's servant in that language; and, not immediately recognizing his former antagonist, replied, "A little." Instantly the other began with his accustomed volubility; Marauder, at the moment, remembered his features, and in his answer spoke so bad, that the emigrant was constrained to talk with the Italian Jew in his own language.

The subject for alarm here was not that he had the smallest idea of being taken for Marauder; but M'Ginnis, the rebel, was like Marauder, and if the young Frenchman's fancies became known to others, some one who had heard of the likeness between them, might conceive that he was M'Ginnis,

after whom, at this very time, a diligent search was making. This circumstance made the Jew more careful than ever, and eager to get out of the country.

To prevent being traced, he furnished himself with other clothes, which he took care should assist the character that he had assumed; and, by the time he got to Dublin, he totally relinquished the shipwreck story, and had provided himself with a box and trinkets.

From Dublin he easily got a passage to Holyhead; and now Marauder felt himself a man again.

In the evening after he landed, he bought himself a large brown great-coat;

coat; scissars and razors he had in his box. In the street, before he went to any lodging for the night, he cut his beard off as close as he well could.

Muffled up in his great-coat, with his little box under his arm, the rest of his dress was not visible, and the swarthiness of his appearance was not easily noticed. In the morning early he set to work, shaved himself many times, cut his hair close to his head, plucked his eyebrows, put on again different clothes of a plain colour, but perfectly fashionable; a light coloured wig he had also provided, and he tied a silk handkerchief round his neck as if he had a violent cold; and wrapped himself up in his great-coat.

As soon as he had breakfasted, he ordered a chaise to the door, and set off.

After the first stage he took off the handkerchief, and by the time he arrived in town, was ready to appear in his proper person.

While Marauder was changing horses at a mean post-town in Wales, his curiosity was excited by a mob at some distance. He found the people had taken the law into their own hands, and were punishing a thief caught in the fact. Being ever a warm admirer of popular government, he soon became a near spectator. What was his astonishment !

ment!—the victim of the Welchmen's rage was his friend Cowspring!

He was too near the object to retreat, as he found himself recognized; therefore affecting compassion for the poor criminal, he gave some money among the most active demagogues, and, in a tone that told the other not to know him, ordered Cowspring to follow him.

When alone, of course, he gave vent to his surprise.

“I am eternally ruined!” exclaimed the *ci-devant* General, in the most doleful tone; “my law-suit is determined against me. A copy of the cursed will is found. I fled from London to save

my life ; and arrived so far on foot alone in a fruitless endeavour to fly the kingdom. Three months have I been wandering about this wild country. My fears so alarmed me, I fled without any means of support. Every thing of value sold, I was caught this morning borrowing that of my fellow-citizen, which *I* had most need of."

Marauder, finding how his affairs were, felt more contempt than pity for him ; and giving him *a trifle*, under pretence of not having further means of assisting him, he took a direction to him under a fictitious name, and, with many promises, which he never meant to perform, left him.

So

So little more is to be said of this wretch, that I shall conclude his infamous story here.

After this meeting, the miserable Cowspring, finding his corporeal as well as mental troubles increasing upon him, and the promised succour from Marauder never arriving, with the last sum he was able to raise, purchased a deadly dose, and died as he had lived, with contempt and infamy.

The fact of wilful suicide was clearly proved, and the wretched body was condemned to that ignominious punishment, the whole of his life had before shewn that he deserved.

Marauder, as soon as he was alone in his chaise, turned his thoughts upon his dear self, as if nothing concerning one, with whom he had been in the highest intimacy, had happened, and began reasoning upon his own affairs.

Still totally irresolute how to act, one moment he had a mind to turn his chaise from the London road, and smuggle himself to the West Indies, and return immediately as Marauder; and this he was not so much deterred from through difficulty and danger, as through dislike to losing the time it would consume to put the scheme in execution.

Repeatedly did he revolve in his
mind

mind *the proofs of identity* that could be brought against him; and Wilson stood alone as the only person the least likely to offer any. The death of Wilson he was resolved to perpetrate as soon as his enemy returned to England, even if the act was accompanied by his own destruction; and so inveterate were his malice and his revenge towards him, that this also was an argument against his going to the West.

As for proofs that he had been there, he disregarded them; his care was that his enemies should not be able to prove the contrary.

Ever upon his guard, before he left England he had at no time told any
one

one to what island he was going, or the business which carried him there. His friends *thought* it was to Jamaica, and that he had an estate there; but this was only conjecture, which he had never corroborated. In his new character of M'Ginnis, he was equally careful what he said of Marauder; and their English acquaintance, who were most able to speak concerning his affairs, were now no more.

To clear himself from being an abettor of M'Ginnis's conduct he thought was of more consequence; and heretoo, whilst he knew there was no proof, no M'Ginnis to be brought against him, had he most craftily provided.

As

As M'Ginnis, he had written many letters to Marauder, in England, supposing in them that his kinsman was arrived from the West Indies. In some of these he professed great penitence for having abused the commission his generous kinsman had entrusted him with; and in his last letter, having declared that all hopes of establishing himself in Ireland were lost, he thus concludes:—

"My sole aim now is to get to France. In the disguise of a female emigrant (you know how well I understand their language and manners) I have no fear; and then, devoted to

the French service, you shall never again hear of your ungrateful kinsman

“PATRICK M'GINNIS.”

But then Marauder, as well as his cousin, had taken the oaths of the United Irishmen, when he was the first time in Dublin. Yes. Here was his answer.—He took them, as believing the cause to be for the general benefit of Ireland, in a peaceable way. To second this he had witnesses of power and consequence in that country; and his subsequent conduct in leaving the kingdom, when he perceived they were about to act in an hostile manner, was his

his proof that he entirely disapproved of their measures.

The corps that M'Ginnis had raised, was originally for the service of the Government ;—this Marauder approved of ; but the rebellious conduct of his cousin afterwards, he knew not for a long time, and was too far from the spot to be answerable for it.

All these thoughts, and many other to the same purpose, were again and again revolved in the mind of Marauder, as he travelled to town ; and in his journey he amused himself with putting them upon paper, and forming a regular, systematic scheme.

Marauder,

Marauder, from the earliest age, had ever had the highest opinion of his own abilities; and many a pang did it cost him, when he was compelled to renounce the grand idea of being the Cromwell of Ireland.

All his subsequent misfortunes he attributed to the wounds he had received in his rencounter with Wilson, which prevented his acting in person; and the removal of him he considered as essentially necessary, not only to every worldly happiness, but to his very existence.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

MARAUDER made immediate enquiries after his friend Arnon, and heard with pleasure that he was in town.

As he was fully prepared to appear in his own character, he drove to his house.

A whis-

A whispering, and rather confusion among the servants surprised him as he got out; but the moment his name was announced, he was shewn into the room where his friend was.

There lay the philosopher, in a large sick chair, pale, emaciated in the face, his body puffed up, his legs enormously swelled.

Even Marauder started as he beheld him.

“Arnon, my friend,” said he, assuming, as well as he was able, a mild note, “why do I see you thus—what is the matter?”

Arnon

Arnon shook his head, and scarcely tried to smother a sigh.

“Marauder, welcome!—You arrive at the very crisis.—’Tis passed—I cannot keep up the ball any longer.”

Mr. Arnon made a motion to a servant who attended him; the man, addressing himself to Marauder, informed him, in a few words, that his master’s disorder was a dropsy, which the doctors had declared to be incurable.

Mr. Arnon rousing himself—“Now the hour is come,” continued the man, from whose lips he had heard, and greedily imbibed the modern and ancient precepts of stoical sceptics,—“now the
the

the hour is come, I shudder at the thought of death!—Oh Marauder! what nonsense—would it were but nonsense!—what proud, vain-glorious doctrines have I talked to you!—Foolish wretch! to fancy that I knew every thing, when I know nothing.”

Marauder looked disgusted; Arnon was too faint to regard his looks, and continued—

“ My disorder, you’ve heard, is a dropsy. I know it is.— My physicians tell me so—my apothecary—all of the same opinion.—I know full well the cause too—the deadly liquor I have lately so plentifully taken, to drown thought. Yet knowing all this, with
all

all our knowledge we cannot find a remedy. I still linger and linger on. Even in this miserable state do I wish to live.—Oh Marauder! you are yet young. I liked your bold, aspiring temper—I wished Hambden to be like you.”—Marauder’s animation was revived, but was instantly depressed.—“Alas! I think otherwise *now*—I wish you to be like *him*.—Hear my dying words; for this purpose I have sent for my son, and he is expected every moment.”

Marauder was restless, and very sorry that he had come to the house without proper enquiries.

“Nay, nay, my friend,” said he,
“drive

“drive away these weak thoughts ;—
be yourself again.”

“ Ah ! young man, what for ?—
Again to vaunt myself in my weakness
—again to impiously throw the bolts of
the Deity, and talk what he can, and
what he cannot do ? This is all my
knowledge—that I am a poor, misera-
ble wretch !”

Marauder.—“ Do not give way to
the disorder—it overpowers your senses.”

Arnon.—“ Ah ! there’s the sting.—
I am conquered indeed—my *fears* con-
quer me—they force me to speak—they
make me, in spite of myself, own how
wretched, helpless, and ignorant I am.”

Marauder.—“ But why *now* more
than at *other* times. You always knew
that you must die. You knew the
uncertainty

uncertainty beyond—yet still how improbable—how——”

Arnon interrupted him.—“ Ah Marauder ! Marauder ! it does not seem so improbable *now*. Is there any other animal, but man, that shews the least belief in a future state?—Saw you any of the savage nations, while you were in the West ? Do not the most ignorant still look forward to an hereafter ?”

The questions of *Arnon* staggered Marauder in more respects than one ; and, even in the presence of a dying man, he could not entirely overcome his alarm.

“ Savage nations !—Oh ! yes—no ; I have been chiefly in the civilized

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part ;—but——” flying from a subject to himself most personal, Marauder continued—“ Why should you credit now the tales of Priests, whose art, whose interest it is to raise these bug-bears ?”

“ With some it may be ;—but even the worst still believe and tremble.—Priests, Marauder, are men. What might the world have said of them, if you or I had been one of them ?”

Marauder was rather offended ; but this was no time to shew it. He muttered something about hypocrisy.

Arnon understood him.—“ Of hypocrisy—I cannot say.—The weakness of human nature sways us all from our principles,

principles, without being hypocrites. Yet, Marauder, it is some merit to respect the virtue of others, though we are wanting ourselves."

"Come, come, my dear friend," said Marauder, affecting to be the philosopher, "rouse the wonted vigour of your mind. Let reason, which has ever enlightened you, shew you what is *truth*; your actions and your words have always yet agreed."

"Ah Marauder! there again you rack my inmost soul;—would I *had* been an hypocrite! My words, I'm sure, were wrong—what then must have been my actions?—Others I have ruined as well as myself.—Poor Royston Santhorpe! there was a soul, Marauder, —alas! how debased—how perverted!

Whatever wrongs we may suffer, that which is evil can never redress them. This truth I feel at last. Unhappy Santhorpe, thou hast made a dreadful expiation !”

As yet Marauder was not informed of the fatal catastrophe to which he alluded, but he embraced this opportunity to turn the subject of conversation.

“ I know nothing of Royston,” said he ; “ I have not seen him since I left England. I heard, indeed, that he had espoused the cause of the French ; and I made no doubt, with his ardour, resolution, and abilities——”

“ Alas !”

“ Alas !” exclaimed the philosopher,
 “ what are they all without virtue?
 He has yielded to ambition, to interest,
 and to revenge—he has fought against
 his country—he is taken—and dies the
 death of a traitor !—Oh Marauder, be-
 ware !—God, I thank thee ! my son is
 safe !!!”

Marauder felt more indignant than
 affected ;—he knew not what to say.

Arnon in a little time continued—
 “ Is there another state, Marauder?—
 What must it be?—What a part here
 have I played !—and the end too !—I
 drank to drown thought ;—and, as I
 laid me down at night, wished I might
 awake no more.—Suicide ! what art

G 3 thou ?

thou?—Is there any other animal besides man that deliberately seeks thee?”

“ Yes,” said Marauder, eagerly, “ ’tis an innate principle planted in our nature.—’Tis a love of liberty!—Birds and beasts in confinement frequently perish by their own violence, and by voluntary hunger.”

“ ’Tis specious, Marauder,” replied Arnon, faintly smiling, yet with a vigour of mind the other did not think him capable of; “ how often have I thought of it! Yet, when the savage beats himself to death in his toils, can you for a moment think he means to destroy himself?—No, no; he tries to escape. So, if he refuses his food, is it not through fear? Does not the alarm of *unknown* danger take away the sensation

sation of hunger?—Do you think *they mean to die?*—Offer to destroy them, even in this state, will *they* not resist?”

“Oh my friend!” exclaimed Marauder, affecting a passion he did not feel, “how it grieves me to see *your noble mind become a prey to the weakness of your body!* This is not Arnon that speaks!—’tis sickness, a temporary debility; again, I trust, your native powers will be renewed—and again we’ll laugh at these childish alarms, and listen to the dictates of Arnon.”

“No, Marauder,” Arnon spoke with a wonderful precision, “it is not with me as you think; never in my life did I feel my thoughts more clear. My mind nauseates its former food, and even the sweets of flattery have lost

their relish. The head is right—but the heart is wrong. There is a weight upon my soul—a heavy secret rests there, which, as soon as Hambden arrives, must be dragged up; then, in defiance of this half-expired body, the nobler part, you will see, still lives.”

Marauder was very restless. He was relieved from this conversation by the arrival of young Hambden. He waited to see the interview between the father and son, well knowing the dislike the father had to the company of Hambden before he had himself left England, and the uneasy sensations Arnon felt when in his son's company. From this the malicious temper of Marauder expected food, in the interview which was about
to

to take place between them ; and considered it as a pleasing revenge for the penance that he had suffered from the foregoing conversation.

The anxiety of Mr. Arnon, when he heard his son's voice, cannot be expressed.—“ He comes ! he comes !” he cried, and raising himself with an exertion in his chair, he fainted on Hambden's bosom.

A scene so moving Marauder little expected to be present at, but he attributed it to a wrong motive. He was quickly undeceived by what followed, and set right. Mr. Arnon soon recovered.

“Oh Hambden!” said he, “your
presente gives me one moment of com-
fort before I die. Long you have been
as an alien to me—rather *I* to *you*.—
Say you will not leave me till I am
gone.—Ah, my poor boy, happy had it
been for you if I had gone sooner!”

Hambden said but little, yet that
little was in the highest degree soothing
to the heart of the father.

Marauder was heartily tired, and
about to take his leave. Arnon stopped
him.

“Stay a few moments. I have a
heavy secret to disburden my mind of.
The particulars will be found in my
4 bureau

bureau when I am no more. Answer me, Hambden, one or two questions.— You know, my child, how I educated you in prejudice of those very principles which you have since adopted.— Alas! I fear you're right!—Do you forgive me?”

“ Yes, my dear Sir, from my heart. You were prejudiced, as well as myself. Let me hope then, like me, you see your error, and——”

“ Ah Hambden! talk not on that subject;—I am all wrong, I feel, I confess—but I dare not, I cannot think further. Answer me again—Have I, in other respects, acquitted myself to you as a father?”

“ Some pitiful story,” thought Ma-rauder, “ about the woman that he

kept;—perhaps he has married the trull; or perhaps Mr. Hambden Arnon, after all, is a bastard; some such wonderful secret, I suppose. Would I were fairly out of the whining fellow's house! —the devil a bit would I enter again to hear *all* his secrets."

To Mr. Arnon's question, if he was satisfied with his conduct as a father, his son replied—

"Above my wishes, Sir; far above my deserts."

"No, Hambden, no.—Come a little nearer to me.—Hear, and forgive me. Every thing I have was always your's—*I am not your father!*"

"My

“ My dear Sir, speak again. To whom do I owe my being ?”

Mr. Arnon was much distressed with the exertion he had undergone, and even wept. Hambden held him affectionately by the hand. A train of passions hovered on the brow of Marauder. In a few minutes Mr. Arnon proceeded.

“ Will your kindness, my dear boy, and my weak deserts entitle me to your pardon ?”

“ Dear father, you have acquitted yourself to me as if I had been your son—do not for a moment doubt it.— Yet tell me, Sir, *who was my father ?*”

“ Hambden ! whose name you bear. Hambden ! the confidential friend that
fled

fled with me from England when you were but a little boy—my own son the same age. He died in the passage. We were driven on shore among a savage people. Your father soon died. I adopted you as mine; because by that means I possessed the property, which, in case of your death, was left to me and my son. Many years I lived among this people. The few of the sailors, if any ever returned to England, knew nothing of my affairs, or your father's. We fled the country with fictitious names. A discovery I never feared; yet something within me, I cannot account for, made me miserable, till I had discovered this secret to you, that I might die with your forgiveness."

Marauder

Marauder could not refrain a taunting smile at his last words, as he contemptuously turned towards the window. Neither the sick man nor Hambden noticed it. The latter again expressed his gratitude to his foster father for the care that he had taken of him, and for his constant liberality; and, what was an additional consolation to Mr. Arnon, promised not to leave the house till the termination of his disorder.

Marauder, of late, had been in the habit of exercising himself in the stoical school of necessity, and in *practical* philosophy was become a most wonderful adept. A placid or an angry brow he could

could assume at command ; and by his looks, as well as his words, could he hide the purposes of his heart. With a well-studied compliment towards Mr. Arnon and Mr. Hambden, having removed a handkerchief from his eyes as he turned from the window, he prepared to take his leave ; and, while he promised to be frequent in his visits to his sick friend, he mentally determined this should be his last, since he saw no prospect of ever getting any part of the property.

No conversation, except of the complimentary kind, had taken place between Hambden and Marauder ; yet the latter, who was ever suspicious, remarked

marked that Hambden seemed to regard him with scrutinizing eyes : and he began to fancy that Wilson might have written to his friend the particulars concerning *him*.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. ARNON was so weakened by the exertions he had made in the late discovery, that he was obliged, soon after the departure of Marauder, to be carried to his bed, which was in the same room. He did not recover sufficient strength to have any conversation with his reputed son that day.

Thinking as they did on religious subjects,

subjects, when they conversed the next morning, the discourse insensibly turned that way.

Hambden was anxious that his foster father should profess the doctrines of Christianity, and adduced many arguments to the purpose.

“ My dear boy,” replied Arnon, “ if I had any hope that my life might be spared, I would make it my study to understand those truths, which I own, for purity, morality, and every human virtue, surpass all others.—Your presence revives me—your forgiveness comforts me in the hour of death.—A knowledge of God’s word, I fear, I have grossly neglected; and I have alarms
and

and apprehensions of I know not what nature, which all my philosophy cannot subdue. I dare not say, I believe in the Christian religion, lest I should die with a falsehood in my mouth ; for I cannot say what I believe. All I am conscious of is the wretchedness of my own nature, my own imperfections, and ignorance."

" My dear Sir, already are you half a Christian,"

" Would to God I were !—I cannot deceive myself.—Oh Hambden ! 'tis one happiness to me that my sophistry has not misled you. The whole course of my life has been against Christianity ; yet, lost in doubts concerning its history—ignorant of its mysteries—neglecting its precepts—despising its tenets

—I

—I own, with my dying breath, that it is the only system of virtue. These, the thoughts of my death-bed, I care not how public they are made. I fear they have little effect on the ambitious soul of Marauder.—Oh Hambden, beware of him!—Like other rash young men, *he gratifies his passions*; but, unlike all others, *he commands them*.”

Hambden informed the sick man that he was fully acquainted with the character of his former friend; and that Rattle had, many years ago, cautioned him against him.

The name of Rattle recalled many circumstances to Mr. Arnon's mind; he could not forget what labours he had
taken

taken to instil into him his own notions, and with what ease Rattle had baffled them.

“That wild young man,” said he, “is another strong instance of the weakness of *my* philosophy. I could not repel *his* loose, irregular wit.—Do you remember, Hambden, his reply to a full and systematic refutation which I thought I had made of the sacred books of the Jews and Christians?”

“Very well, Sir;—it was soon after my return to England, when you had been reviewing the writings of some notorious characters, who then made a noise. You had given him, some time before, the works of that wretch, Thomas Paine, and you took, with the book
in

in your hand, a complete review of the subject."

Arnon sighed—" 'Twas so indeed. Go on."

"Battle heard you out with unusual patience, and then, in his calmest manner, replied—" If, Mr. Arnon, your arguments were *unanswerable*, which I deny—if you could prove that the whole of the Bible was the work of priestcraft in the *present* century—if you could convince me that *Judæa was swallowed up by an earthquake* long before the circumstances happened recorded in the New Testament, and lately came up again; yet *I should continue to believe* that Jesus Christ was sent from the Almighty to give the world *a full light of the most perfect system* of all that is
holy

holy and good towards God and towards man. Believing *this*, no matter to me *when*, *where*, or *how* it happened."

"Yes, Hambden, you repeat *verbatim*. I laughed at his notions *then*; *now*—Oh Hambden! would I had followed *that* system!"

At the words of comfort which flowed from the lips of Mr. Hambden, the despairing philosopher shook his head. He tried, for a few moments, to escape from such thoughts which pressed heavily on him; and, in the most affectionate manner, enquired after Hambden's wife and child.

The answers were such as he wished.

He

He informed Mr. Arnon, also, that he expected them in town the next day, with the father of his wife, whom he had left at his house in Wales.

The respectable character of the Priest did not escape the notice of Arnon, though he was a man with whom he personally had not the least acquaintance.

If Mr. Arnon had lived, Hambden purposed introducing the Dean to him ; but the present appearance of amendment was solely occasioned by the turn his spirits had taken on the arrival of his reputed son.

Mr. Arnon's weakness and faintness
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returned in the evening. Mr. Hambden was instantly summoned to his chamber. The agonies of death were upon him.

A servant remarked how ill he was.

The dying man heard him.—“My heart is broke!” exclaimed he.

Hambden held his hand;—the other, grasping it tight, turned his eyes upon him.

“One good lesson I give thee, child—*my death!*”

He spoke no more—convulsion succeeded convulsion; and, in the space
of

of an hour, the dreadful scene was terminated.

Thus perished Arnon. A man, who for many years had carried a species of morality, independent of every religious principle, as far as most men of his day.

After living a plotting and abstemious life, from the twenty-fifth to the fiftieth year of his age—at the very time when he was in high reputation for converting others, both by his conversation and writings, to his own ideal plans, did he begin to doubt and waver upon what he had so often asserted to be clear and positive arguments. His alarms daily pressed in upon him. His

reputed son—educated by himself, or under his own eye, who had from his earliest age learned his notions, and imbibed his prejudices—saw their falsity; the old arguments weakened of their effect at every attempt to recover him to his original principles; and soon young Hambden was lost to the cause.

Now his own philosophy began to be staggered, and he found himself bewildered in those paths he had all his life been treading in.

Insensibly he flew to the bottle. There for a time he found oblivion; novelty, for a little while, continued the deception. More and more frequent was the remedy applied—more
and

and more weak were its effects. So unstable proved all his mental researches without the foundation of religion, that in a very few years he fell a victim to those intemperate habits, in opposing which he had, for a long space of time, considered his greatest virtue to consist.

Unhappy in the turn his son's abilities had taken, yet he could not blame him for his conduct; and though Hambden acted in opposition to those principles he himself professed, still he could not help confessing to himself that the young man's conduct was more and more worthy his notice.

The paper which Mr. Arnon left behind him, that contained the particulars

of his flight from this country, when he adopted Hambden as his own son, it will not be necessary to trouble the reader with.

The method of their escape; the fictitious names they assumed; the difficulties of their voyage; the death of Mr. Arnon's own son; the notice he took of young Hambden; their shipwreck; their sufferings on shore; the suspicious conduct of the natives; the death of Mr. Hambden; the manner of Mr. Arnon's escape with young Hambden; his kindness and affection towards the boy, whose death he might easily have accomplished if he had been so disposed; their arrival in the civilized parts of America; and, finally, their
return

return to Europe after the termination of the war ;—all this was minutely recorded by Mr. Arnon, that his treatment of the youth might be some vindication for his having assumed the fortune during his life ; but has nothing to do with the present story, and which I shall therefore willingly omit.

Neither did Mr. Arnon forget to leave satisfactory proofs that Hambden was really the son of his deceased friend. The great use of these was establishing Mr. Hambden's right to the property, then litigating in the Court of Chancery, as the heir at law ; under which title it was disputed, in contradiction to Mr. Hambden the elder's bequest.

When Marauder heard that Arnon was no more, he determined to keep the specious form of civility by calling on Mr. Hambden ; though his real motive was to endeavour to discover if he had received any suspicions from Wilson.

After enlarging on the virtues of the deceased, Marauder said—" Probably, among Mr. Arnon's papers, you will find some letters of mine from the West Indies. Of course you will destroy them. But one that I wrote from St. Kits, which concerns some private business of my own, I will thank you to keep for me. In it there is an estimate of a small property of mine, which a friend of Mr. Arnon's had thoughts of purchasing ; I brought a copy of the
estimate

estimate with me, but have mislaid it among my papers."

"Certainly," replied Hambden, "*all* that came from you, I will keep, that there may be no mistake. You mention St. Kits. Was that your residence while you was abroad?"

"I was only there a few days—my business was very urgent."

"You were in many of the islands then?"

"Yes."

"How did you escape the yellow fever?"

"About a twelvemonth ago I had it dreadfully. My life was despaired of for some days. It carried off all my hair, as you see." And Marauder lifted up his perriwig, under which was not

the smallest vestige of hair: an application of slack-lime, and other powerful destroyers, had unceasingly been applied since his return to England.

“It is astonishing to me that it has not grown again.”

“The ravages of the fever were so dreadful. Dr. Balder assured me, among the thousands of patients he had attended, he never saw one so grievously afflicted, and survive it.”

Marauder had seen in a morning-paper, that a physician, of the name he had mentioned, was lately dead in Jamaica. Hambden had observed it likewise.

“I see,” said he, “by the papers,
that

that the Doctor himself is dead. You were well acquainted with him, I presume."

Marauder testified his surprise at the account of his death, and answered—

"As much so as any person in the island."

"Was he a young or an old man?" Hambden asked this with great indifference, as is often the case in a forced conversation.

Marauder considered the question as ensnaring, and cautiously, with seeming ease, replied—

"Upon my honour I can't tell. Of
H 6 a middle

a middle age, I should think. That climate is so prejudicial, there is no making any guess."

Marauder ran into a dissertation on the country, and the conversation concerning the Doctor ceased.

They now talked of the affairs of Ireland. Marauder was very indignant against his cousin, but he hoped the reports were not true that M'Ginnis was in arms against the Government.

"That I wished," continued Marauder, "for *Catholic emancipation*, and *Parliamentary reform*, I never denied; they were the early principles of my soul, for which I have sacrificed the
most

most splendid prospects; but my love of peace overcame these, and I earnestly desired my kinsman, when I saw him in England before my departure, on no account to oppose the Government, but, in case of emergency, to arm in its defence. How he has abused my confidence you must have heard. On my arrival in England I found this letter from him."

Hambden read the letter before mentioned.

Marauder continued—"I met with a gentleman, the other day, who was just arrived from France, and M'Ginnis, I find, is now in the French service."

"Your kinsman is quick in his motions," replied Hambden.

"You met him, I think, at my house in town?" said Marauder.

Of course Hambden replied in the negative; yet such was the language of deceit that he now held forth concerning himself and his cousin. He soon after concluded his visit.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

MARAUDER was one morning passing, in his chariot, by the Admiralty, when, among some sailors, who were standing near the spot, he recognized the countenance of O'Rourk.

Instantly he threw himself back in his carriage, that the other might not notice him; but it was too late—the fellow he saw was struck with the likeness,

ness, and he observed him run forward some distance, that he might have another view of him.

Ever a master of dissimulation, Ma-rauder was resolved to practise it in its full extent. Late trials had made him a thorough adept in the art.

He stopped his carriage directly opposite to O'Rourk, told the footman he should get out, and walked up to a shop, near the door of which O'Rourk stood.

As he came up to him he turned round, looked at the concourse of people that were assembled, and, with a placid

placid brow, a soft and polite tone, asked O'Rourk what the bustle meant.

O'Rourk for a moment could scarcely answer, but he soon replied—"The confirmation, your Honour, of Admiral Nelson's victory."

"Oh!" said Marauder, with a smile, unlike any thing of the kind O'Rourk had ever seen before, "you were with him, I suppose."

The thing was impossible. O'Rourk was in the house of M'Ginnis on the very day of the victory.

"No, your Honour, I had not the good luck," he replied.

"I am sorry for it," continued Marauder.

Marauder. "Here is a trifle to drink the King and the Admiral's health ;" and he put a shilling in his hand, and with great indifference walked into the shop.

O'Rourk looked at the shilling, and then at Marauder. It was impossible to be M'Ginnis—yet how wonderfully like him ! O'Rourk civilly asked the servant his master's name.

"Marauder !" thought O'Rourk to himself, "then it is no wonder Captain Wilson took M'Ginnis for him.—D—mn him ! this may be all a sham—that devil M'Ginnis is up to any thing. Yet that scar in the temple M'Ginnis never had while I was with him.—How differen the talks !—I scarce know what
to

to think. Could Captain Wilson be mistaken?—No matter—M'Ginnis, or Marauder, he's the enemy of the Captain, and I'll have none of his money ;” and, as he walked back to his comrades, he gave the shilling to a poor beggar woman.

“ Lord bless you sailors !” said the woman, “ you be the comfort of the nation. Come,” continued she, to another beggar that came up, “ I'll treat thee to a glass of gin. We've beat the French, and I've got some of their money.”

“ Hurrah !” said the other, “ old England for ever !—Come along !”

Ye modern patriots of the French school, is your love for your country
less

less disinterested than that of these poor wretches?—Ye false Philosophers! true Diabolists! every comparison degrades you.

Marauder had supposed, when he perceived that Wilson had escaped the intended assassination, that accident had prevented O'Rourke's attempt on horseback; and that fear, or remorse, had hindered his perpetrating it on foot, and returning to him: but Marauder's cogitations on the subject were not always the same, and the only thing he was certified of in his own mind, was, that O'Rourke had certainly not betrayed him to Wilson, because the troops which attacked him were ignorant of the best means of making their approach.

Had

Had Marauder been told that there was a principle of virtue and honour in such a savage's breast, he would have most contemptuously despised the idea. Yet such had been the case, which, in the first instance, turned the hand of O'Rourk from the murder of Wilson; and, in the second, prevented him from making those discoveries, which it was in his power to have furnished Wilson with, to the ruin of Marauder.

Still the conduct of O'Rourk was to Marauder a mystery; willingly would he have had it unravelled, but he was not willing to risk his own personal safety. This grand secret of the identity of Marauder and M'Ginnis had never yet escaped him; even Imphell,
devoted

devoted to his service, who fattened upon his smiles, had never been entrusted with it. The inconvenience *of being his own confidant* had at times indeed been very great; and though he might rejoice, in the instances of Fahany and Arnon, that he had made no discovery, still the want of a friend, in whom he could implicitly trust, was not less apparent.

As he was purchasing some trifles in the shop, his mind even wavered if he should not again trust and employ O'Rourk; attributing his first miscarriage entirely to accident. A second reflection was conclusive against it.

The interview with O'Rourk, though favourable to Marauder, had clearly
shewn

shewn him that even this man was not without his suspicions; and the deeper he reviewed his past conduct and present situation, the more fully was he convinced that, in spite of all his exertions, his affairs were extremely critical.

The most trifling circumstances would continually bring such thoughts to his mind; and with a strange anxiety he waited for the moment when Wilson should arrive in England, resolved with his own hand to perpetrate the act that should for ever break the chain of knowledge which linked Marauder to M. Ginnis.

CHAP. X.

SCARCE a week had passed since the death of Arnon, when, as Marauder was leaving the Opera House, a young sprig of family, who was generally in London, for the same reason that some plants are never seen out of the hot-house, because they are fit for no other place, and just vegetate there, came tripping up to him.

“ Are

“Are you going to leave us so soon?”

“I have an indispensable engagement.”

“Ah! ’tis bad indeed here;—but you should stay and see the grand caper of the Olympia.”

“I saw her six years ago, at Rome.”

“Ah! you like not ancient beauties. What think you of the young damosel, who has fascinated all our glasses this evening?”

Marauder had not been long in the house. A foreign Nobleman, whom he expected to find there, did not come that evening, and he was going straight to a house, where he expected to meet him.

“Whom do you mean?—I saw no beauty worth a second view.”

“Ah! you did not see her then, or you are impenetrable. I know all her history. She has twenty thousand pounds. She refused Wildermere two winters ago, and a dozen Lords, two dozen Baronets, and Squires innumerable since. She lives at Richmond, and her name is——”

“What?” said Marauder eagerly.

“Now, if you can tell me her name, I shall be eternally obliged to you. I am dying to be introduced to her—and as you——”

“What part of the house is she in?”

“She comes with Lady Modeley, and is in her box; opposite mine.—This is mine. *Entré*, and I will shew her
her

her to you in a minute.—Ah! here, take my glass. Look straight before you. Use your eyes, and bless me for shewing you such an object.”

The hopes of Marauder were realized. It was indeed Fanny Bellaire.

“Butterfly,” said Marauder, in an animated tone, to the other, “you are a devilish clever fellow. I had no idea you had so exquisite a taste. Do you know Lady Modeley?”

“Ah no.”

“Or any person in the house that is at all acquainted with her?”

“No, upon my soul.—I thought you might introduce me.”

Marauder could not well help muttering "Fool!" between his teeth. Butterfly did not take it to himself, but continued chattering.

Among the loveliest of women the beautiful Fanny might contend for the palm. She was now taller than Emily; and though she excelled not her sister in that fashionable *en bon point* the princely taste of the day so highly approves, yet the native symmetry of her shape, delicately true, would have claimed admiration from every clime.

Her clear complexion was animated with the glow of health, and here and there the transparent skin discovered the purple veins. Her countenance,
open

open and engaging, invited love; while her forehead, of a charming form, was the very emblem of dignity. Her hair, fine and dark, flowed adown her polished neck and shoulders in beautiful ringlets; her nose was a model of the Greeian; her eyes black, with long lashes and arched brows, were mildly bright, yet they rolled not with a voluptuous round, but by their penetrating steadiness, commanded respect from every one.

Her smooth chin, when she smiled, was ornamented on the right-side with a dimple, which seemed to point to the bewitching assemblage adjoining, where the whiteness of her teeth endeavoured in vain to rival the rubies of her lips.

Her arms were elegantly rounded ; her hands and feet small, and every motion delighted with a graceful ease ; and, when she spoke, the sweetness of her voice equally charmed, as the mildness of her manners was sure to interest.

The dress she wore was always—fashion improved by modesty ; and every part of it seemed designed more for use than ornament.

The splendid trifles which, with an unmeaning shew, glitter upon the person, she needed not ; and the costly dresses, in which Folly loves to vaunt its greatness, she neither required nor approved of. Elegantly neat, the diamond of her person shone through its simple-
encase-

encasement with an irresistible grace, while every motion shewed its beauties in a new light.

Such now was Fanny Bellaire, whose person and countenance truly beamed those virtues which reigned within; and if her form was fair, her soul was fairer.

With a mind firm and undaunted, she was never bigotted to her own opinion; and with a heart the most tender and friendly, she could pity and relieve the sorrows of others, without a foolish indulgence in the false luxury of grief. Her liveliness was tempered by prudence, and her wit by innocence.

An innate love of virtue, which the sad conduct of her sister had strengthened, kept, like a magic wand, the libertine in awe. Even Marauder's impudence felt abashed, and, in the midst of all his depravity and licentiousness, whenever he thought of Fanny, his amorous desires put on the form of marriage, though every obstacle was the same, as in the case of Emily.

The lovely object before him fascinated all the senses of Marauder; and the fashionable remarks of Butterfly evaporated, as fast as they came forth, in the vapid atmosphere which aided their birth.

For some time Marauder was lost in
thought.

thought. Suddenly starting up—"I think I remember the young lady myself—some years ago, before I went to the West Indies. If I am right, I'll introduce you, Butterfly, *another time*."

Without further ceremony Marauder left the *Peripatetic Philosopher*; and, determined in his own mind how to act, went at once into Lady Modeley's box. Walking up to Fanny, he accosted her in the easiest manner, though in most polite and respectful terms.

Fanny gave something like a scream; and, had it been possible, would probably have flown away.

He regarded it as the surprise of an

old acquaintance, and addressing himself to her, said—"I presume you have not heard, Miss Bellaire, of my arrival in England. The moment I saw you, I could not resist the opportunity of paying my devoirs. I have been absent, indeed, longer than I intended, on very urgent business that called me to the West Indies. I am but lately arrived, and have ever since been making the most anxious enquiries after you. I was informed you had left England."

Whether a thing was true or not, Marauder never considered; whether it would answer his purpose or not, was the question. A lie, that could not be detected, stopped him not a moment.

He had before enquired for Fanny, and heard she was with her sister; but knew she had not given up her residence at Richmond.

Fanny, overcoming her alarm, replied—"Why, Sir, should you wish to see me? When——"

"To entreat your pardon and forgiveness. That I offended you, though unwillingly, has made me most wretched and unhappy. Now I can fully explain my conduct; and I trust I shall be entitled to your favour, and the honour of your acquaintance. May I take the liberty of asking your address, that, with the sanction of your friends, I may——"

Marauder spoke in a soft and insinuating tone. Fanny knew him too well to be easily deceived, and interrupting him, with great firmness said—

“ Mr. Marauder, I must beg to decline your acquaintance ; the unhappy circumstance which happened in our family for ever precludes it. My forgiveness, Sir, if it is the least necessary, you have long had ;—to forget is not in my power.”

Not so easily daunted was Marauder ; he kept his station to the end, made occasional remarks, and attempted to hand her to the carriage ; but, perceiving she was resolute against it, he had the effrontery to conduct another of the
party,

party, who, perceiving him to be an acquaintance of Miss Bellaire's, permitted his civilities.

Mr. Townsend and some other gentlemen were of the company. As soon as Fanny arrived at Lady Modeley's, she spoke in private to her guardian, mentioned who the stranger was, and desired, if Marauder called, he would say that she had positively refused to have the least acquaintance with him.

He did call on Mr. Townsend the next morning; and, after a very plausible speech, that gentleman answered him, that Miss Fanny had particularly requested he might not be introduced to her.

“In

“ In a few weeks,” continued Mr. Townsend, “ she will be under the protection of another.”

“ Sir ?” said Marauder, questioning, but checking his anxiety, “ I presume you mean as to her leaving town.”

“ I allude, Sir, as to her settlement in life, which is no secret. I hope, in less than a month, to give her away to as worthy a man as ever breathed.”

Mr. Townsend had mentioned this, thinking it would totally check any further enquiries.

“ As you say, Sir, it is no secret, I may enquire who is the happy man ?”

“ Captain Wilson, Sir, whom you once knew. He is at present in
Ireland,

Ireland, but expected home in a few days."

Mr. Townsend knew no particulars of any animosity between Marauder and him, except in the affair of Emily ; and Marauder had just declared, in most solemn terms, his penitence and remorse for his former conduct to her, and his resolution to have married her.

In defiance of all Marauder's *philosophy*, his heart so vibrated when he heard Fanny was to be married to Wilson, that, though he contained himself, he could not make an immediate reply. Such was his inward agitation that he bit his under-lip through with his teeth. Muttering something about how happy he should

should always be to hear of the welfare of one, whom he ever should consider as a dear relation, he finished by saying—
“ I suppose of course you remain in town till the ceremony is past ? ”

“ No, Sir ; my ward returns to Richmond to-morrow ; and henceforth you may always consider her as Mrs. Wilson.”

Marauder's rage was such, he could instantly have fired the house, and borne Fanny away in the midst of the flames ; but, as things were, it was impossible : therefore all smiles and outward civility, though his heart rankled with revenge, malice, and disappointed passion, he took his leave.

The

The mind of Marauder was resolved how to act—to get possession of Fanny's person as soon as possible. To leave England he had before resolved for some time, till the present disturbances and suspicions concerning himself were blown away.

“Fanny shall accompany me,” said he; “her haughty little spirit will, at the most, be tamed in a few weeks. I know what women are!—Mine she shall be. The house on the Downs will answer every purpose. ‘I’ll hasten to prepare the deaf man and his wife to receive her;—and then, my sweet little devil, escape me if you can.”

CHAP. XI.

AS preparatory to every thing else, enquiries were duly made concerning Fanny. She was at Richmond; and Marauder hastened instantly to the house on the Downs.

An old deaf man, and a woman had been left there when he went over to Ireland. The house stood alone, surrounded with a very high wall. The garden

garden was small, and there was no other land belonging to this property ; the house had been originally built as a hunting-seat.

Here Marauder had formerly had many private meetings with the self-elected friends of Freedom—here he had carried many a lady—here he had accommodated many a friend—and here were hidden some private papers, the place of which was known only to himself.

It has been mentioned before, that Marauder had first let, and afterwards mortgaged all his property in the parish where Wilson's parents lived. His house in town had only been let by the year ;

year; but he had also taken up money on this, to nearly its value.

His present residence in London was a ready-furnished mansion, by the month; and the small property on the Downs was all that he kept in his own hands, and which, under the care of Imphell, had occasionally been lent to some of his friends.

To this he could retire, at any time, in the most private manner; for not even the people who lived in it knew the real owner. It is not to be supposed that he had entirely neglected the house since his return to England; his attorney had been down, ordered
some

some necessary repairs, and sent some furniture.

He was not sorry to find, at his arrival, that the old woman was dead; the extreme deafness of the man he had always considered as of the greatest convenience to him.

His next care was to send for his attorney, Imphell, across the country a few miles.

“Imphell,” said he, “I want two trusty fellows, to assist me in a little job.—You can get me such?”

“Is it a business that requires resolution and spirit, Sir?”

“Yes;

"Yes; though nothing very particular. 'Tis to carry off a girl."

Imphell thought a little. "There are two to be tried next week at the Assizes. They applied to me to get them a Counsel; but the fools had been so improvident as not to have a farthing of cash, and I declined the affair."

"Are they deserving?" Marauder asked.

Imphell was inclined to be witty.—
"Very deserving of the gallows, Sir."

"Ah my friend!" said Marauder, coolly, "little rogues swing, and great ones break the halter. But 'tis pity merit of any kind should fail for a trifle. Do you think they are to be got off with a little money?—And would they be *grateful* for my friendship?"

"Leave

“Leave that to me, Sir. Ten guineas, I suppose, will save both their lives. It is a common burglary; but the chief witness is a man of great conscience—we must therefore puzzle and frighten him;—new dress and shave the delinquents, and then endeavour to set up an *alibi*. We’ll do it, Sir, depend on it.”

“Imphell, you are a worthy fellow. You are a man I can always depend upon. Ingratitude is not my fort.”

The other bowed to the ground, professed how handsomely his services had been rewarded, and how devoted he was to his commands.

The two men escaped; and on the fourth

fourth day after the conversation between Marauder and Imphell, decently dressed, waited on Marauder in town.

They brought a letter from the attorney.

“I understood from Imphell,” said Marauder, “that you were two deserving men in distress, and I am happy to see you have escaped.

The men properly thanked his Honour.

“He tells me,” continued Marauder, “you are not deficient in courage. I have a little business to employ you in, perhaps

perhaps it may require a small portion.
—How do you feel yourselves?"

Like the French * at the renowned attack of the Bastile, they both burst forth in the same sentiment.—“ We’ll go to the devil to serve your Honour.”

“ A young girl has played me a confounded trick.”

The fellows shook their head.

“ And I wish to play her one in return.”

* According to Miss Somebody’s Letters, the gallant Parisians, as they advanced to the fortress, *all* cried out together—“ We’ll fill up the trenches with our dead bodies !”

The fellows grinned.

“This is the whole of the business.”

“Any knocking on the head, your Honour, to gain the lady?”

Marauder paused; he thought of Wilson; but in that case he was resolved not to trust his revenge out of his own hands. He replied—

“I hope not.—Are you known in this part of the kingdom?”

“No, your Honour.—We ben’t acquainted with the Bow Street gentlemen. Our business has been generally in the West—in the horse line; but, being hard put to it, we opened the door of a dwelling-house, last spring. I’ve
been

been an ostler, and a postboy, your Honour, and understand something about cattle; and Dick has good connections, to take them off our hands; and he's a man, though I say it before his face, that won't flinch to any man breathing."

Their noble friend was again thoughtful.

"A postboy you've been!—I'll alter my plan. You shall be postillion. My own horses will do. One pair shall be with us, another at a trusty house on the road. Get a hack-chaise to this side of Westminster Bridge, by five o'clock to-morrow morning.—You can read?"

"Dick can, your Honour."

“ I'll write my orders on a card, then there can be no mistake. Beware of tippling ;—you shall have time and means enough afterwards.”

He wrote down the particulars, and, with some money, gave them to the men.

They went to Richmond the next day.

Marauder took good care not to be visible in the daytime, but prowled about the house where Fanny resided, the greater part of the night.

He saw it was in vain to make any attempt upon the house.

Most

Most careful was he in his conduct, most cautious in his enquiries ; yet he discovered, the second day, that Wilson was not arrived.

Marauder bore about him constantly the fellow pistol to the one O'Rourke had been trusted with. He had steeped the balls in a deadly poison, and primed and loaded it himself. It was so small he carried it with ease in a side-pocket, and waited with increased anxiety for the return of Wilson, that he might make the intended use of it.

One or other of the men kept regular watch in the daytime, that notice might be given if Fanny went out.

The second day, which was a Sunday, she took an airing in her guardian's carriage. Marauder, without loss of time, followed it in his own. Dick behind, upon a saddle-horse. Tom drove.

They watched their opportunity. Marauder and Dick, with masks on their faces, stopped the other carriage.

They made Fanny and another lady get out. Marauder's chaise came up. He lifted Fanny into it, and seated himself. Dick cut the traces of Mr. Townsend's carriage, and, mounting his horse, they set off with great speed.

With

With difficulty Marauder had forced Fanny into the carriage. He spoke not a word; and finding she still cried out, and endeavoured to call for help, he drew up the blinds, and by main strength, tied a handkerchief over her mouth, to prevent her speaking. By this means he succeeded in avoiding all interruption, and arrived in safety at his house with his lovely prize.

During the journey, Fanny had been frequently offered refreshments, which she as often refused.

Fatigued and alarmed, she was carried up stairs; and Marauder, locking the door, left her.

Through the whole of the journey Marauder had been most completely disguised : a mask covered his face, and his apparel was such as to preclude all suspicion of his person.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

FANNY had not been in the apartment above half an hour, before Marauder entered her room by another door. He was well dressed, his hair powdered, and his whole appearance such as if he had not been from home.

Fanny screamed the moment she saw him. With a smile, he begged her not to be alarmed, for that the making of

K 5

any

any noise was as useless as it was unnecessary.

“Then restore me,” exclaimed she, “to my friends again. For what purpose am I forced away hither, thus cruelly used and insulted?”

“What,” said Marauder, “has either of the men I commissioned to bring you hither, dared to offer the least affront? I’ll make an example of the wretch directly!”

This he spoke, that he might induce her to believe that he had not been himself actively concerned, lest the circumstance of the handkerchief being put round her mouth, might have created any personal dislike.

‡

Fanny

Fanny told him no particular affront had been offered her, except as before mentioned (for she was fearful that he would commit some violence on his instruments), but that she alluded to the general conduct of carrying her away ; and she again demanded his reasons for his present behaviour.

Marauder, with the utmost shew of humility and softness, replied—"Dearest Fanny, hear me for one instant, that I may excuse this seeming rough conduct, which necessity has compelled me to adopt, and apologize for my whole behaviour."

"Return me to my friends, Sir ;— then I'll hear and forgive every thing."

"That cannot be as yet. You are

entirely in my power. None but my own servants are concerned. This house stands alone, surrounded by a bleak down ; not a hut within five miles. No pursuit can trace you. Nay, should any one by accident arrive at the house, a wall, ten feet high, covered with iron spikes at top, must check further progress ; while I have a dungeon underground, where I can safely deposit any thing, and the way to which it is impossible to discover. The only servant that remains in the house is one man, so deaf, that I give him all his orders by signs and writing. The three fellows who brought you here are gone. Escape me then you cannot."

" Why all this on my account, Sir ?
How have I offended you ? I was neither
privy

privy to my sister's flight, nor did I influence her——"

"Sweetest Fanny, I think not of your sister. Can it be possible my behaviour is a mystery to you? Beloved Fanny, 'tis you alone I care for. You, as a child, I loved—as a woman, I adore!" and he dropped on one knee, and seized her hand.

Fanny started away, and retreated to the door.—"What is it you say, Sir?—Me!—It cannot be."

"By all that's sacred I swear 'tis only you. Dearest, most lovely Fanny, turn not from me. You are the only woman for whom my heart was ever concerned. Without you I cannot live, and for you I will willingly die."

Calmly

Calmly and deliberately Marauder spoke, and calmly and deliberately he swore to what he said.

Fanny felt a horror she dared not fully to express.—“Do you forget, Sir, my sister?—Is it possible I can ever think of the man who deceived and deserted her?”

“Yes, lovely Fanny, 'twas your bewitching charms that are answerable for my conduct there. How could I marry Emily when I knew there was a Fanny? Why did I get your sister into my power; but in hopes that my Fanny would have accompanied her? Why did I lament her loss, but that Fanny was lost too? All my thoughts, my wishes, ever turned to you. To have
lived

lived in your sight—to have seen your daily improvement—and, at a future day, to call you mine, has been the study of my life, from my earliest knowledge of you.”

“ Was it your love to me, Sir, that pledged the alliance with Alderman Barrow’s daughter ?”

“ I swear the story you have heard is all false. I refused the alliance.— Why did I refuse it? because I remembered Fanny.”

“ Thinking so favourably of me, is it not strange you never discovered it till this day ?”

“ Dearest Fanny, you had taken an unnatural dislike against me, on account of your sister. Can you be ignorant why I so often sought your company ?

pany?—You repulsed me;—you would not even give me an audience. I was forced to act in this violent manner. Love, the purest, the most true and fervent that ever glowed in a human breast, has from the first influenced my conduct. I may have erred, sweet girl; yet the love of you has been the motive.—Accept then my vows,” and he took hold of her hand.

“It cannot be—I am betrothed to another.”

“He cannot love you with half the ardour that I do. Every thing I will sacrifice for you—every thing I will venture on your account. Drive away this childish love from your thoughts, my dearest girl, and accept the heart of
him

him who solemnly devotes his existence to your service."

"You talk in vain, Sir; I can never be your's. If you really love me, will you not oblige me?—Let me return to my friends. The person who carried me away shall never be known."

"You hate me!"

"No. I shall always esteem and respect you, if you will permit my departure."

"You will?"

"Indeed I will."

"And will you then accept my vows? Will you sacredly promise me your's in return?"

"It cannot be—they are already given."

"Love breaks every tie.—I have
staked

staked all for you. Most charming girl, say you will be mine!" and he endeavoured to catch her in his arms.

Fanny, in spite of her danger, could no longer conceal her disgust.—“No, no—never, never!”

Marauder's restrained anger burst through the contending passions of his bosom, and he swore, in the most strong and sacred terms—“You shall be mine—and only mine. All opposition is vain. I see it is of no avail for me to fawn and to flatter;—contempt is my sole reward. My rights I claim—possession—conquest. Let me exert the man.”

Fanny had fled from him to a distant part of the room, and, dreadfully
alarmed,

alarmed, sunk almost lifeless on a chair.

Marauder approached her.—“Hear me, Fanny—sweet Fanny—dearest Fanny—I would say!” softening his voice and smothering his violence. “Fatigued with your journey, and harassed with unknown fears, perhaps you may require rest.—Be it so.—I leave you till to-morrow;—let me not appear in my Fanny’s eyes as a tyrant;—then I shall require your consent. Let me, as a fond lover, beg and entreat; I would not, as a master, force it from you.”

Fanny endeavoured to exert herself.
“My life is indeed at your disposal.
You can take it;—but no earthly power
shall

shall ever constrain me to give you my hand."

"Ah! talk you so bold, Madam?—Beware!—Is my alliance to be despised? The day may come that you will throw your arms around me, and beg to be the wife of Marauder. *Then, I* may think otherwise. *Now* I am willing to take you on your own terms. I wait till to-morrow for your consent. Let me not again plead in vain.—Beware! my will is fixed.—Refreshments are prepared for you in the other room.—Shall I partake of them, or do you wish to be alone?"

The determined manner in which Marauder spoke, roused Fanny to a full
sense

sense of the danger she was in. She forbore saying any thing further that might irritate him, and, in a faint tone, replied—

“ I am much fatigued and very weak. I shall take a bit of bread and a glass of water.—I had rather be alone.”

Marauder, ever suspicious, said—
“ Before I leave you, I must beg to see the contents of your pockets.”

Fanny was necessitated to obey.

“ On your honour, are these all?”

“ Yes.”

He took away with him a small knife and a pair of scissars.—“ Once more,
Fanny,

Fanny, remember the cast is thrown. Mine you shall be!—willingly, or not, depends on yourself. If you accept the first—marriage, love, and gratitude await you;—if you compel me to the last——Fanny, remember, ere it is too late. Think in time, and—beware!”

So saying, Marauder went out at the same door he entered, leaving the communication into the other room open.

CHAP. XIII.

FANNY was so absorbed in thought at the wretchedness of her situation, that she sat for some time in her seat, like a second Niobe. A seasonable flood of tears afforded her present relief.

Afterwards she walked into the other room. A table was spread with cold meat, red and white wines, water, biscuits, and fruit.

Fanny

Fanny ate some fruit and a biscuit, and drank a glass of water.

The evening closed in. She rung a bell for a light. Nobody answered it. She repeated it again and again. It was all in vain.

She tried the doors of each room. Both were fastened. She examined if there was any fastening in the inside. In the room she had first entered, and in which was a bed, was none; but to the door which separated it from the other room, were two bolts, and a lock on that side. She next went to the windows. Iron bars made them sufficiently secure, both from within and without.

She

She determined to quit the room where the bed was. She drew the bed, which ran upon casters, easily against the outer door, and then secured the door of partition in the inside, with the bolts and lock. A small bell to the other she also fastened, and endeavoured to hamper the locks by putting into them some pins. She looked around the room, and with difficulty drew a chest of drawers against the door. This took up some time, as she endeavoured to avoid noise. Tables and chairs, and every bit of furniture in the room, were sedulously placed for the same purpose.

In removing the drawers, she perceived a large piece of cord; one end of this she fastened to the lock of the

chamber, and the other to the lock of the passage-door, which, as the latter opened from her, she conceived to be her best security.

Fanny drew an arm-chair towards the window. The moon was rising. She perceived many trees before her, and fancied she saw the high wall Marauder had mentioned, beyond them.

Fanny remained in this station for some hours, till exhausted nature insensibly lulled her into an irregular slumber.

If fears and alarms of the most dreaded kind harassed during the still hours of night the mind of Fanny, and kept
aloof

aloof the sweet soother of cares—gentle, mild, invigorating sleep; phantoms of another form passed before the eyes of Marauder, and the possession of the lovely enchantress who raised them, realized the same.

Restless, plotting, and abandoned to his passions, for two nights had Marauder been incessantly on the watch around the house where Fanny dwelt at Richmond; the occurrences of the foregoing day, therefore, his exhausted body felt, though his mind disdained to own it. It was this lassitude which had induced him to put on that shew of favour towards his captive, which no mental feeling could ever have induced him to grant. Marauder felt his corporeal

frame unequal to that violence his daring soul had resolved on.

As soon as he left Fanny, he sat down to a repast, which he greatly needed. Imphell was at the time in the house, and had assisted in preparing it for his reception; this trusty confidant was to leave him in the evening. The two men who had been employed by him, had before departed with the carriage and horses.

About nine o'clock, Imphell set off. Marauder had before drank freely, and, as soon as he had made fast the outward door, and sent his deaf servant to his repose, he returned into the parlour. Completely tired, he dropped asleep in
his

his chair. He was awoke, about one, by falling off it. His light was exhausted ; he roused his servant to strike another, and proceeded to his chamber.

Rest now forsook him, and his disturbed thoughts kept him awake.

The scheme that he had before planned, of carrying Fanny off with him to America, was again revolved in his active brain. In the lone and distant spot where she was now in his power, far from the busy ken of men, impervious to pursuit, was he resolved to confine his lovely victim, till he had bent her stubborn heart to his will.

The obstacles which might oppose

L 3 him,

him, from hatred and anger, with his usual philosophical forecast he thus reasoned upon.

“The most savage of animals, by the attention of a watchful keeper, become tame, and the person against whom they first vent their rage, in the end is ever the dearest object of their love.—Is a woman’s heart alone not to be subdued?—No. The experiment has for ages been repeated; and when, but through the foolish feelings of the master, has it failed?

“The rising state of Rome made not a *single* trial, but by *thousands* attempted it, and by thousands succeeded. Not one of all the Sabine Virgins, who were forcibly carried away and detained,
but,

But, when the choice came, gave the preference, before all others, to the ravisher.

“ Is it to be supposed that none of these fair ones had, in their own neighbourhood, still dearer ties than fathers, mothers, kinsmen, and friends ?

“ Is it possible so many lovely and beautiful young females could have been without lovers, the objects of their own simple fancies ?—Nay, in the war that followed, many of those chosen youths were doubtless destroyed by their present violent masters ; yet, in defiance of every obstacle, possession once obtained, easily held its rights.

“ Shall I forget the noble, the valiant, and, I doubt not, handsome,”—Marauder always prided himself on his

own personal beauty,—“ Richard the Third? Willingly did the Lady Ann marry him, though with his own hand he thought proper to take off her young husband, and her father-in-law. That he subdued the implacable hatred of the Queen mother, is universally allowed, whose sons, brothers, uncles, he had all destroyed; and the fair Elizabeth herself is generally supposed not to have been indifferent to the match: for, while historians own that the mother's favouring of Richard's suit, occasioned the enmity of Henry the Seventh, they do not deny that the knowledge of the same induced the King to dislike his spouse Elizabeth.

“ Have I any cause to doubt my success?—Not the smallest.—Do any
simple

simple feelings harbour in my breast, unworthy a rational man, to check the dictates of my will?—Am *I* a tame, weak, wavering fool?—What my mental faculties conceive to be right, do my animal powers fear to execute?—Irresolution is the curse of fortune.

“Success has as yet crowned my utmost hopes. *To-morrow* completes my glorious attempt. Why not *this night*? why not *this moment*?”

Marauder started up from his couch; the fumes of the wine animated him, and he proceeded to Fanny’s chamber.

He tried the door. It was fastened. He had forgotten the key, but not at
L 5
the

the moment recollecting the circumstance, he slightly knocked.

Fanny, in the adjoining room, heard him not.

He put down the light. The wind whistling under the door, it was instantly extinguished.

Marauder paused. He remembered the key ;—as he returned to his room to renew his light, his promise of forbearance till the morning occurred.—The ardour of the moment was lost.—“ Yet as I have promised till to-morrow, perhaps the breach of my word may create a needless hostility against me. To-morrow is already arrived to me—but a few
few

few hours, and it will be to her!" And he threw himself again on his bed.

Vague and wandering thoughts of Fanny, of Wilson, of his flight to America—schemes, plots, and contrivances, roved incoherently through his mind during the rest of the night.

CHAP. XIV.

EARLY the next morning, for she lost not her recollection the whole night, Fanny clearly distinguished the high wall, and a wild dreary plain, as far as her eye could reach.

She took out her handkerchief, and, opening the window, would have waved it.—“Alas!” cried she, “the trees are too high!—Who is there to see it?—

Should

Should a shepherd look this way, would he understand the signal?"

Looking despondently round the room, she perceived a curtain-rod in a corner, to which the cord had belonged that she had fastened to the doors. To this she tied her handkerchief, and, lifting it as high as possible, forced it through one of the upper-panes of the window, and stuck it in the shutter.

For three long hours anxiously she looked over the plain—not a being was to be seen.

About nine o'clock Marauder came, and tried to open the door. Finding it was fastened on the inside, he requested
it

it to be opened, and said he had brought her some breakfast.

Fanny was prepared with her answer. "You promised me to-day to myself. I wish not for any other nourishment than the food upon the table."

"No, Fanny," replied Marauder, in the mildest accents, "I promised you but *till* to-day. But, to oblige you, I wait for your determination till the evening. Let me not be trifled with."

He was not displeased of having made a merit of obliging her. He smiled to himself as he went down the stairs.

"How easy are women taken! In twelve hours she wavers. Let her have a little

a little more reflection, and I am sure of my prize. Fool that I was to doubt for a moment my success !”

After deliberately breakfasting, Marauder walked into the garden.

The sun shone bright. The birds were singing. The lark, mounting into the air with his cheering note, seemed to animate the rest. All nature hailed the genial warmth of the coming spring. Even Marauder could not help admiring the scene around him.

“ What a charming day !” exclaimed he. “ England, thou hast few such ! but soon I leave thee for a more genial clime, where, in the arms of my Fanny, I shall

I shall taste perpetual spring and love. This day I shall for ever bear in my memory——Ah! 'tis the twenty-first of March—'tis the day of my birth, and again a day on which a second life depends!—What would an old Grecian, or Roman have given for so good an omen, at such a crisis!—It would have immortalized an Alexander or a Cæsar.”

Visionary prospects of bliss, of a superior kind to any his soul had yet conceived, floated before his fancy.

In the course of his walk he came opposite the window of Fanny, and with the softened smile of success he looked up.

Her

Her white flag expanded before the breeze; she herself was anxiously looking out at the window.

“ Oh the sorceress !” exclaimed he, “ she still hopes for assistance.”

Fanny heard his exclamation, and timidly drew back.

In an instant he was in the house, and ran up stairs.—“ Fanny,” said he, in a sharp tone, “ you infringe on the privilege I give you. You abuse my kindness. Take down your ensign directly, or I annul every agreement.”

Fanny made no answer.

“ Again,”

“Again,” continued he, “I am going into the garden. If I see it is not removed—beware of a man, who will not be injured with impunity.”

Quick as thought, he was again before the window.—Fanny had returned to it. She looked eagerly forward, as if she saw something. She regarded not the threatening gestures or words of Marauder;—she shook her white ensign;—she cried with her loudest voice—“Help! help! help!”

It was in vain. The objects passed at a great distance. They heard not her voice;—they could not distinguish her signal.

In

In the meantime Marauder had' rushed into the house, and hastened to her room.

Fanny, still at the window, beheld distant objects passing. The noble stag bounded over the plain. In a few minutes came along hounds, horses, and hunters, now just in view of their game. Intent on the object of the chase, all eyes were directed towards the flying animal; while the sounding horn, the encouraging tally-ho, the enlivening notes of the hounds, more and more anxious as they approached nearer to their prey, left no hope to poor Fanny that the weak screams of a female could reach their ears.

Clearly

Clearly could she discover the colours of the different sportsmen. Two dark-coloured coats, on one of which a scarlet collar was evidently distinguished, passed with the foremost hounds.

Then first it was she shook the flag, and exerted her voice.—They see not—they hear not—and quickly are lost to her sight.

Now come on a troop, where the green and red coats were easily perceived. Again she exerts herself. In vain—they pass away as the former.

Marander had violently assaulted the door. He found it was too well secured
for

for a common exertion ; he rushed into the kitchen for the cleaver.

As the scattered hunters behind passed, Fanny, in despair, continued shaking to them the flag, and crying out with her utmost might.—The whole are lost to her sight without the smallest notice. Nor dog, nor horse, nor rider is to be seen. The distant noise dies away—her hopes weaken—her spirits fail.

Marauder returns with the cleaver. He thunders against the frail wood.—Whither can Fanny fly?—In a few seconds he cuts the door to pieces. Enraged, he throws the other obstacles aside, and rushes to the window.

Fanny

Fanny endeavours to defend her ensign—in vain!—Marauder tears it down.—Fanny screams more violently than ever.

“ Mad, rash, foolish girl !” Marauder exclaiming, catches her hand, “ what mean you by thus irritating me ?”

A buzzing noise is heard through the trees. Again she exerts herself, breaks from his grasp, and screaming, flies to the window.

He pulls her hastily away to the other end of the room. The huntsman's horn re-echoes around the plain.

Marauder knows the note.—“ The gallant

gallant deer is taken," exclaims he.
" Sweet Fanny, it is an emblem of thee.
Why then this useless opposition?—
Your toils are not less certain than his."
Marauder, as he speaks, seats himself in
a chair, and holds her firmly by the
hand. " Far, too far off are the sports-
men to hear your alarms. Their
own noises drown a thousand female
notes. Come, dearest girl, be pacified.
Listen to the man who adores you, who
wishes to be every thing to you, and is
willing to own his bliss not to his own
success, but to your kind consent.—
Most charming Fanny, why should we
wait for the morrow?—Say you will be
mine, and let me kiss these pearly drops
from your sweet face;" and with soft
insinuating

insinuating blandishments he endeavoured to pull her upon his knee.

“Never, never, never!” exclaims Fanny, struggling from his hold. “I am betrothed to another, and *his* alone I will ever be.”

Marauder restrains himself no longer; he gives his passions full scope.—“Dam——on! is this the reward of my lenity?—Is the alliance of Marauder spurned for the cursed son of a base mechanic? *His* blood I have long vowed to my injured honour;—yet consent to be mine, and I forgive him.”

“It cannot be.—Oh spare him, spare him!”

“Beware! I deign to intercede;—and here I call every power of Heaven, Earth, and Hell to witness,” and he
4 drops

drops upon one knee, still holding her hand, and swears with that depravity he was accustomed to, “in spite of your future tears and supplications, when I have humbled you beneath my feet, his death shall complete my triumph.”

Marauder rises up, and with affected calmness continues—“One moment yet remains to save him, and your own honour.—Will you accept me for a husband?”

“Never! whilst I have life!”

“Then I’ll exert the rights of a conqueror. This instant I claim my own. Henceforth, nor vows, nor tears, nor even a forced consent shall check the love that burns within me.—Now, even now, will I make sure of my lovely prize.”—And, as he spoke, he seized her,

with determined lust; in his arms.—

“Nor man, nor devil, nor G—d shall hinder me!”

Her screams rend the air. Marauder pauses a moment. He holds her firm by the arm, while he unfastens the door that leads into her chamber.

In vain she struggles;—like as the lion the lamb, he grasps his prey.

Her screams are repeated—she holds by the door—he tears her violently away from it.

CHAP.

CHAR. XV.

A NOISE is heard without, as some one violently assaulting the door which leads into the house.

Marauder stifles her cries, and listens. The door bursts open—a person rushes into the house.

He leaves his victim, and, with a hellish horror, glances his eyes around

the room for the cleaver. She guesses his intention, catches up the deadly instrument, and flings it out of the window.

Marauder, with a curse, strikes her; puts his hand in his pocket, draws out a small pistol, and rushes to the head of the stairs.

Fanny, with dishevelled hair, a wild and alarmed, though resolute look, follows him.

A man, in a blue coat and scarlet collar, is seen flying up the stairs.

Marauder exclaims—"Ah! now I'll make sure of thee, though a legion of fiends——"

The

The behaviour of Fanny prevents further speech. She looks at her defender, and throws her arms around Marauder—around him whom, a few moments before, she had struggled to get free from.

Marauder now spurns the embrace he had just so eagerly solicited, and, desperate, flings her with violence from him.

The pistol goes off in the air: Fanny falls lifeless against the stairs.

The stranger has gained the landing-place.—'Tis Wilson!

Briefly shall I relate the circumstances

which brought Wilson to her help, and exposed him alone, unarmed, to the fury of his rival, his implacable foe.

Early in the foregoing day, on which Fanny was so forcibly carried off, Wilson arrived in England. The house of his first patron and friend, Mr. Lockridge, lay in his road to town; and here Fanny had agreed to direct a letter for him, that the lover, without loss of time, might know where to find his mistress; for, as yet, he was in doubt whether she was in town, at Richmond, or at her sister Rattle's, in Wales.

On *Sunday*, about the hour of dinner, Wilson arrived at Wheatland.— The expected letter was not come.
There

There is no mail on the Sunday from London, for it leaves not the metropolis till Monday evening; therefore all letters that go into the distant part of the country, cross-posts, &c. &c. are not received before the Tuesday.

This Mr. Lockeridge explained to the expectant lover, which induced him to accept the kind invitation of his friend to stay with him another day.

Mr. Lockeridge, in spite of some touches of the gout, was engaged to follow the hounds on the Monday morning. He lent Wilson one of his hunters; and a most noble animal had led them an excellent chase, when they came in view of the spot, where Wilson

had little idea his fair mistress was confined.

Her shrieks were lost in the air. Her white flag, the fair emblem of her mind, was unnoticed, as intently they followed their game.

Near the house of Marauder was a fine piece of water. To this the wearied animal turned, and, taking to the midst of it, kept his pursuers at bay.

The dogs launched into the flood; the attendants, with proper toils ready, endeavoured to save the object of their sport, while the loud horn of the huntsman called the scattered hounds together, and declared the pursuit at an end.

The

The first who had arrived were Mr. Lockeridge and his friend; as soon as the huntsman and some others came up, Mr. Lockeridge motioned to Wilson to follow him out of the group, and said, pointing to Marauder's house—"This is the strange place, which you heard mentioned yesterday, that all the neighbourhood believe to be haunted; and no one creature knows who lives in it, or who is the owner of the spot."

Wilson rode close to the wall.—
 "That there is an inhabitant of some kind or other, is evident, for I see through the trees something like a white flag suspended from an upper window.—Hark, Lockeridge! on my life I heard a shriek!—See, see, the flag is taking down! The trees prevent my full
 M. 5 view.

view of the window," and he changed his spot.

"Surely I discern people struggling," exclaimed Mr. Lockeridge. "Another shriek!" and they both, actuated by the same sentiment, leaped from their horses, and strove to force the door.

Now the full sound of the horn drowned every other noise.

They could not make the least impression on the door. Mr. Lockeridge proposed returning to their companions for further assistance; but Wilson, impelled by that heroism which fearless flies to the succour of the distressed, prepared to scale the wall.

In

In an instant he ungirthed his horse, took the saddle in his hands, sprung upon his friend's horse, and threw the saddle on the spikes. Quickly he was upon it; and springing in safety over the spikes, he let himself down, with the assistance of the stirrup, on the contrary side. The depth was great, and, with the quickness of his exertion, and the strength of his efforts, he tore the saddle on one side, and left Mr. Lockridge, who, forgetting his gouty impediments, was preparing to follow him, unable to give him any assistance.

Wilson rushed towards the house. The door was only closed by a springing latch. The shrieks were clearly heard, and demanded immediate aid.

The voice vibrates to his heart. The quick blows of Wilson soon forced his way within; and, without the smallest weapon in his hand, he resolutely flew towards the sound.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

IS it possible to describe the agonizing pang which tore the heart of *Wilson*, when he beheld the lovely *Fanny* dashed lifeless by *Marauder*, as she attempted to turn aside from *him* the murderous weapon of that assassin.

Not less enraged was *Marauder* to be checked in the very moment of successful villany by the man who had
already

already overthrown his most flattering schemes of glory and ambition, and whose testimony now threatened his life.

Like famished tigers, they seize on each other. Each strikes at his enemy, and despises the defence of himself. Their strength is nearly equal; both have exerted themselves before. Their blows soon labour—they struggle—they pant for breath.

Marauder, skilled in every species of warfare, tries to free himself from the other's grasp. He succeeds. A moment's pause ensues.

Marauder feels in his pocket for a
clasp-

clasp-knife. Wilson observes him drawing it; and again grappling with his foe, strains every nerve, exerts his whole force to throw him.

Wilson lifts him from the ground; Marauder, at the instant, strikes him with his foot; they both stagger, and fall together with great violence against the railing off the stairs.

The frail wood cracks with the double weight. It gives way. Marauder and Wilson are sinking with the broken fragments into the story abyss below. The former clasps both hands around the other, who catches hold on that part of the railing that remains firm.

Each sees the imminent danger that threatens him.

Wilson tries to disentangle himself from the deadly hold of his adversary. Marauder strains to rise; big drops of sweat roll down his forehead;—his grasp begins to fail him;—one hand after the other looses its hold;—he fetches a deep groan, and tumbles headlong on the pavement below!

Wilson, exhausted, with his utmost effort rises upon the stairs.—A mental prayer ascends the throne of Heaven to that Almighty Power which had saved him!

Th

In an instant he springs to Fanny,
and raises her in his arms,

He bears her into the next room.

Among the fragments scattered upon
the floor, he perceives a broken bottle
of water. He sprinkles the remains
upon her face, and kisses her pale cheek.

A noise of people is heard below.
The name of Wilson is sounded. As he
replies, they come up the stairs. He
knows they are his friends.

Mr. Lockeridge enters the room,
holding in his hand the pistol that Ma-
rauder had so lately attempted to fire at
Wilson ; others accompany him.

They

They find their friend covered with blood, supporting a lifeless female in his arms. Every face exhibits a scene of horror !

As soon as Mr. Lockeridge perceived the melancholy situation of Fanny, he hastened back again for a surgeon, whom they had left attending on the miserable Marauder.

The gentleman came without loss of time into the room, and opened a vein in the fair arm of Fanny. Wilson still held his lovely burden ; he scarcely breathed as the surgeon performed his operation ; his eyes were rivetted to the fascinating object before him ; her blood he feared had stopped, never to flow again.

Happily

Happily his alarms, in a few seconds, subsided. The pure stream trickled forth, and Fanny opened her eyes.— Fixing them on the bloody countenance of him she had so long, so dearly loved, she had nearly swooned a second time; but the voice of her fond lover recovered her.—“ Be not alarmed, dearest Fanny! These are all your friends.”

“ But you are hurt, dear Wilson?”

Wilson made light of it, though the strength and virulence of his enemy had left legible marks of his pugilistic skill. His friend Lockeridge came up, and wiped the blood from his face.

Not a word would Wilson hear of his own hurts; but, together with the surgeon,

surgeon, minutely enquired of Fanny if she felt any pain in her head. While the anxious lover supported her, the surgeon carefully examined her left-side, on which she had fallen; and then announced, to the great joy of the whole company, that he was certain no fracture had taken place, though a large swelling was very evident.

The medical gentleman now left them to attend on his wretched patient below, and all the spectators, except Wilson and his friend Lockeridge, accompanied him.

In the midst of a group below, stood the old deaf servant, who had been roused from his work at the other end
of

of the garden. Some of the servants of the sportsmen had found him; they seize, and question him. He tells them of his malady, and professes total ignorance of the affair. They bring him into the house along with them.

Marauder was a dreadful spectacle: one thigh broke, his ankle dislocated, and a violent contusion on the upper part of his head. For some time the surgeon thought his skull was fractured, but his side had struck against a pillar; and when the surgeon returned to him, he discovered that three of his ribs were broke.

Though he shewed signs of life, he was a long time in recovering his senses.

It

It was nearly an hour before his recollection fully returned; the virulence of his passions was still evident, in defiance of his weak state, and the pain he experienced.

The first word Marauder spoke was with his usual haughtiness—"Let me be left with the surgeon, and my servant."

They all left the room.

"Am I the only victim?" said Marauder to the surgeon, in a surly tone.

The other replied—"No one besides is materially hurt."

He gnashed his teeth together, and
muttered.

muttered a curse of displeasure.—“ I’ll leave this infernal place directly !”

“ It is impossible; Sir. You’ll endanger your life.”

“ Impossible !—Endanger my life !—Think you my life is my first care ?—Let a chaise be sent for directly. That deaf fellow,” continued he, pointing to his man; “ can receive orders in writing.”

In the room were ink and paper. The surgeon gave the orders, as Marauder desired. He went out of the room to get other assistance; and, at the same time, desired one of the company to inform Wilson that the gentleman below, in spite of his hurts, had sent his servant off for a chaise.

Wilson

Wilson was resolved not to let him escape him, and therefore made enquiries for the nearest Justice of the Peace.

The master of the hounds and Mr. Lockeridge were both in the commission. As it was necessary to take Wilson's deposition on oath, a man was instantly sent to the next village for a Bible, pen, ink, and paper. The distance for a chaise was ten miles—to the village but four.

When every thing was ready, Wilson swore that he believed Mr. James Ma-rauder to be the person who, under the name of M'Ginnis, headed some troops in open rebellion, in Ireland.—The assault upon Fanny was for the
present

present omitted, as, among other reasons, it was an affair not of so serious a nature, and for which Wilson well knew the Magistrate could not refuse bail.

Fanny, who was rather alarmed at the detention of Marauder, had wished him to be suffered to depart wherever he thought proper, glad to be so easily rid of him ; she was therefore greatly surprised when she found herself extricated from personal interference, by the deposition of Wilson.

It was necessary to inform Marauder of what had been done. The other Magistrate, Mr. Woodland, wrote upon a piece of paper the following:—

“ TO JAMES MARAUDER, ESQ.

“ Wilson Wilson, Esq. a Captain in the Southford Fencibles, has made oath before me, Thomas Woodland, and another Justice of the Peace for this county, that he has every reason to believe that you, James Marauder, under the assumed name of M ‘Ginnis, commanded a body of rebels in arms against his Majesty’s troops, in the late disturbances in Ireland.”

The surgeon received it at the door.

“ ’Tis a note for you, Sir.”

“ Read it,” said Marauder.

“ Wilson Wilson, Esq. a Captain in the Southford Fencibles, has made oath before me——”

“ Curse

"Curse on their arts! Do they dare to think of detaining me, till I get bail, for this pretended assault."

"No assault is mentioned by the Magistrate," said the surgeon.

"Well, Sir," exclaimed Marauder, impatiently interrupting him, "go on."

The surgeon read the note.

Marauder seemed evidently confused. He paused a moment. His usual *haut-
teur* forsook him, and, assuming that fashionable suavity, in which he excelled, he sent his compliments to the Magistrate, and begged the favour of his company for a few moments.

Mr. Woodland came to him.

N 2 Marauder,

Marauder, in spite of all his pain, and the weakness he experienced from loss of blood, in the interim of the surgeon's going up to the Magistrate, had fully recovered the command of himself.

When that gentleman had arrived, therefore, he said, reclining on a couch, and holding the paper in his hand—
“This falsity, Sir, I hope is not to be made the instrument for detaining my person.”

“Captain Wilson,” replied Mr. Woodland, “has taken his oath. We must do our duty, as Magistrates.”

As yet Marauder knew not by what circumstance Wilson came so opportunely to the rescue of Fanny. Little
did

did he think that he was one of the sportsmen; but supposed that he had broke his way through by the chance assistance of the others, or that he had been accidentally followed by them. He concluded that one of the fellows, whom he had employed, had betrayed him; and, having conducted him to the house, had perhaps afterwards left him. Believing any thing but what was really the case, he did not consider that Wilson was likely to be known by any of the company.

Thus reasoning, and swelling with hatred and revenge towards his enemy, with difficulty he stomached his passions to the Justice's remark, and replied calmly—"Beware, Sir, how you meddle

in this affair, In another quarter of the globe was I at the time. I have thousands, ten thousand of witnesses to prove an *alibi*. A Magistrate is not obliged to proceed on so gross a falsehood as this, even where it is affirmed by an oath."

"True or false, Sir, we must detain your person. If you are injured by a perjury, the laws are open for redress."

"The villany of my adversary's conduct—the high respectability of my own, is a sufficient excuse for you, Sir."

"How am I to know this?—I am not acquainted with either of you."

"My assertion, Sir. He does not deny my name. I am nephew to the late Duke of Silsbury, and by right am,

at

at this moment, the present Duke; but by the chicanery, forgeries, and perjuries of this Wilson, I am for a while kept from the title. *I* tell you, Sir, the infamy of his character."

"He says the same of your's. Mr. Lockeridge, who is the other Magistrate, and a respectable Clergyman in this neighbourhood, is above, and is well acquainted with him."

Marauder was abashed.—"I am surrounded by a gang of designing and prejudiced people. My bodily hurts prevent my personal exertions. My friends are absent. From hence then I will not be removed. This gentleman," pointing to the surgeon, "will confirm the dangerous nature of my case. If I must be your prisoner for a few hours,

N 4 while

while I send for my friends, let it be here."

"I understood you had ordered a chaise."

"No matter. I feel myself worse. Enquire of my surgeon."

The surgeon of course said, as he had before, that a removal would endanger his life. The Magistrate told him that he must appoint people to attend in the house, till he could be delivered up to more regular custody.

While this conversation was passing below stairs, another circumstance had occurred above, which furnished additional proof to Wilson that Marauder and M'Ginnis were the same.

Mr.

Mr. Lockeridge, when he first came up, had picked up the pistol which Marauder fired off. In assisting Wilson to recover Fanny, he had put it in his pocket. He now drew it forth, and shewing it to Wilson, related where he had found it.

Instantly Wilson recognized it to be the fellow to the one O'Rourke had been employed with. He took it in his hand, and had not the smallest doubt. The maker's name was the same, a person well known, and upon whom he had purposed to call, as soon as he came to England, to see if he could make any discovery by that means.

This circumstance, in a few words, he
N. 5. did.

did not fail to mention to Mr. Woodland as soon as he came to them, and Mr. Lockeridge delivered the pistol into his care.

A servant had been dispatched for Mr. Lockeridge's chaise for Fanny.

Mrs. Lockeridge, receiving a short note from her husband, that a young lady was in distress, had, instead of being over anxious to exhibit two puddings upon her board, thought proper to shew her hospitality in a far better way—by coming herself.

Mr. Lockeridge's Parsonage was about eight miles off;—the chaise had been sent for when the surgeon first left the
room

room to attend on Marauder, and arrived a little after the Justice had settled his business.

Mr. Lockeridge was agreeably surprised when his servant informed him that his mistress was arrived. He welcomed her with a warm kiss, the ardour of which twenty winters of matrimony had not in the least damped. — “ Dear Mary, you are always so kind and considerate. I shall fancy you are possessed of my thoughts, as well as my heart.”

“ If my actions are ever different from your wishes, it is solely occasioned, my dear, by my want of judgment.”

I shall repeat no more of the short conversation that passed between the

N 6 husband

husband and wife, as they crossed the court-yard, with her arm in his, and ascended the stairs, lest that I should be supposed to have borrowed the conversation of a *honey-moon*, "*that had not yet filled her horns.*"

When Mrs. Lockenidge was introduced to Fanny, her bright eyes again thanked the wife of Wilson's friend for her kindness in coming herself; and, without loss of any further time, they immediately left the place.

Wilson was obliged to resign his wishes of accompanying them, to be a guard that Marauder was not clandestinely carried off, till proper people had

arrived, whom the Magistrates had sent for.

The instant Marauder's man returned, he was again sent away for his favourite attorney, Imphell; neither pain nor remonstrance prevented his writing the following to his trusty instrument.

"I am much hurt. Come instantly, and bring a surgeon with you. I can in all cases depend upon."

"J. M."

The common attendance of servants Marauder greatly needed; the man therefore was ordered to send a man and

and a woman from the first village he was to pass through; and the surgeon gave him a note to proper people for that purpose, who were approved of by the Magistrates.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

IT was evening before the persons, appointed by Mr. Woodland to watch the prisoner, arrived. Wilson, with Mr. Lockeridge, then left the house ; and, having detained the chaise which the deaf man had ordered for Marauder, and sent their horses home before, the happy lover soon clasped his beloved Fanny in his arms.

The

The next morning Imphell came with two surgeons. The gentleman, who had as yet attended Marauder, had staid with him the whole night. By the patient's earnest desire, he remained with him till his steward and his own surgeon arrived.

Marauder now dismissed him with a very handsome present, conceiving it the best way to ensure his good word, though he dispensed with his attendance any longer.

In a short private conversation with Imphell, Marauder soon understood that one of the persons, whom he had brought, was engaged to stay with him as long as he thought proper; the other was.

was a gentleman of great eminence in his profession, whose abilities and skill Imphell thought might be necessary. When this last, with the other two, had thoroughly examined the hurts he had suffered, and given directions to the one who was to stay, he took his leave, promising to call again in two days, to meet and consult with the surgeon who had first attended him. Skeibar was the name of the person who remained. His look was the true index of the man—an adventurer, equally needy in pocket, principles, and ability.

As soon as Marauder was alone with Imphell, he discovered the particulars of his ill fate.—“D——nation! I am
a pri-

a prisoner in my own house !—What is to be done ?”

“ The confinement,” replied Imphell, “ is scarcely legal ; yet the very attempt to set it aside, will only involve you in worse circumstances. At present, Sir, your illness prevents your removal. This you may lengthen out to what time you think necessary, while you consult how you shall act, or to plan your escape, as you think best.”

Imphell spoke in this manner, that he might sound Marauder, whether he were M'Ginnis, or not ; but the hero was resolved not to expose himself to any person breathing, and replied—“ A trial I should court concerning my kinsman, M'Ginnis, did I not know that
when

when they fail here, I shall be indicted for the assault on that young vixen. Unluckily I have no witness on my side, and the girl and her paramour will out-swear me."

"Can we not *make* witnesses?"

"No one but my *deaf man* was on the premises."

"I wish, Sir, you had suffered those two fellows to have——but 'tis too late to reason now. Shall I question *him*?"

"Not at present, Imphell; that you may do at any time. The greatest service you can at present do me, is to endeavour to find out in what manner my enemies intend to proceed.—I can depend on your friend Skeibar?"

"Yes, Sir, most assuredly. I have him in every point."

"Know

“ Know you any thing of those two fellows, whom I employed ? ”

“ I can find them, Sir. ”

“ I wish to see them in a few days, when I feel myself better. But take care that they are sufficiently disguised not to be known. — Call Skeibar here ; — I feel myself faint. ”

From the great exertion Marauder had undergone in this conversation with his trusty agent, he nearly swooned by the time his apothecary came. Salts and hartshorn recovered him ; and, having rested a few hours, he dismissed Imphell on the search for intelligence of his enemies' intentions towards him, and took a composing draught, according

to the orders of the medical men, who had departed.

Nor was Wilson idle in hastening to substantiate the charge he had advanced concerning his rival. To explain which more clearly, it will be proper to note some circumstances which had happened, since the day when M'Ginnis and his party had been attacked, as they endeavoured to enter a small town, in his way to join the French.

By the men, who were made prisoners, the name of their leader was discovered.

A diligent search was immediately set on foot to discover M'Ginnis; but,
owing

owing to his very cautious behaviour, it proved to be fruitless.

A little after he had recovered of his wounds, and left the cabin, one of the men who had conducted him there was made a prisoner. In hopes to secure his own life, he betrayed the concealment of his General.—The pursuers came too late.

By a bribe to the lesser villain, his host, they partly discovered his disguise, and continued their search ; but M'Ginnis, who trusted no man, and endeavoured to deceive every one, had neither exposed his real intentions, or his road, to this needy wretch.

Wilson,

Wilson, on account of his knowledge of the person whom the Government were so desirous to apprehend, was the principal employed in the search after him. Once or twice they gained some tidings, and, among other places, they came to the house where Duchesne, the Emigrant French Officer, the friend and second of the unfortunate Geutespiere, was.

With the owner of the mansion Wilson had some acquaintance, and dined in company with Duchesne. Wilson, mentioning the object of his search, said—"M'Ginnis's face I should instantly recognize in any disguise; he is so extremely like his cousin, Marauder, whose large property he has had the command

command of, and whose features I have known from my childhood."

"You said, Marauder, Sir?" said Duchesne, quickly; "Mr. James Marauder, the nephew of the Duke of Silsbury?"

"Yes, of the late Duke. Do you know him?"

"It has been my misfortune!" replied Duchesne, shrugging up his shoulders; and he told, with his usual volubility, the story of Geutespiere, Leonora, and the unfortunate double duel.

"Fahany has shot himself," said Wilson.

"Ah! ah!" replied the Frenchman, "then my countryman's grand ally has got one of them."

"Who, Sir?"

"The

“The Devil.—No matter.—Captain Wilson, I was about to tell you that I saw the very spectre of Marauder, the other day, in the form of an old Italian Jew.”

“Sir?” exclaimed Wilson, as asking a question that expressed surprise and doubt.

“No joke, upon my honour, Sir,” answered Duchesne, assuming the utmost gravity, and clapping his hand upon his breast. “Mr. O’Leary and Madame, and Miss O’Leary, and Mr. Steele (an elderly gentleman, Mrs. O’Leary’s father),” Duchesne continued calling each of the company by name, to corroborate his assertion, “will all assure you I told them so immediately after the Jew went away.”

Wilson made many enquiries concerning the person of this pretended Jew. The emigrant gave him a much more minute detail than he had any reason to expect.

Duchesne did not forget to mention that their conversation was in the Italian language, yet his features were neither of the Jewish nor Italian cast.—“I beg pardon of his Roman nose.—He could not speak decently to me in my native tongue; but since, I understand from my servant, that he spoke very good French to him.”

This, in Wilson's mind, was a very strong circumstance that the person was otherwise than he seemed to be; and
what

What is more likely than that Marauder recollected Duchesne?

He desired Duchesne's servant might be called into the room; and questioned him closely upon this circumstance, which the man fully confirmed.

Duchesne mentioned the strong scar on the left-side of his forehead, and was very nice in pointing out the spot; but concerning this wound which had so fully marked him, nothing had transpired to the knowledge of Wilson, and it neither favoured the supposition that the person was Marauder or M'Ginnis.

“Do you think, Sir,” said Wilson,

as a concluding question upon the subject, "that you should know this person again, if you were to see him in a very different garb?"

"Most assuredly," replied the Officer warmly. "Were he in the royal robes, if he had on the rags of the Witch of Endor; or were he in masquerade, like an English fox-hunter, I am sure he could not deceive my inspection."—The company smiled at the Frenchman's similes, which alluded to some pictures in the room, while he continued—"I narrowly observed the form of his teeth, the shape of his eyebrows, the very turn of his upper-lip; and I trod on his toe, for the purpose of seeing him raise it."

"But why the last, Sir?"

"It

“ It throws the features out of all disguise, Sir.”

Wilson could not fail admiring how wonderfully deep the Emigrant Officer was in the science of Pathognomy and Physiognomy; and Duchesne gave him many other curious and *systematic* remarks upon the former subject, but which are now totally *erratic* from mine.

A fortnight had passed since the Italian Jew made his appearance at Mr. O'Leary's. No doubt remained in the mind of Wilson that this was M'Ginnis, and it seemed to him most probable that he was gone to England.

Wilson hastened from Mr. O'Leary's,

and stated to the superior powers the particulars which had come to his knowledge; they thought it right that he should go over to England, and try if he could gain any intelligence of Marauder.

Duchesne also agreed to give him the meeting in London.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE scar across the forehead of Marauder had not escaped the observation of Wilson ; and, soon after he arrived at Mr. Lockeridge's, he wrote a letter to Duchesne, to come down to him into the country.

In the morning after the rescue of Fanny, Wilson, with his friend Lockeridge, waited upon an attorney in that

neighbourhood, with whom they were both acquainted.

Mr. Warwick was an honour to his profession. He was neither the haughty, proud, insulting demagogue of his district; nor the base, litigious, pettifogging scribe;—he was neither the fawning, sycophantic tool of the great; nor the ready, officious bully of the licentious vulgar. He was to the poor an adviser, to the great a peace-maker, and to all a friend. In three things particularly he had made himself beloved in the country: his attention to the poor laws; his compromising, in lieu of the payment of tithes in kind; and, the methods he had adopted to prevent the petty villainies of the country (*i. e.* poaching, robbing

robbing of gardens, orchards, &c. &c.), by allowing to the labourers a moderate quantity of land for the support of their families.

He was supposed to have saved more men from the gallows, than any Bow Street Officer ever sent; yet no man was more resolute against open idleness or profligacy.

He has been known to talk to a confirmed reprobate in this manner.—“My friend, I’m afraid you’re *hardened* in these bad habits.”

“Why, your Honour, none of the farmers like to employ me.”

“And you are not fond of work.—Why don’t you go for a soldier?”

“ Better be hanged, your Honour, than flogged to death for deserting.”

“ Go to sea, then.”

“ There, your Honour, I can’t even run away from the cat-a-ninetails.”

“ Come, come, you don’t want courage, and when you are out of the old way, perhaps you may mend. If you continue in the country, you’ll very soon come to the gallows. Bad as you are, you cannot but believe you have got a *soul* ?”

The fellow scratched his head, and, without speaking, looked affirmatively. *Happily he was no modern Philosopher!* Mr. Warwick continued—

“ That is worth saving, if you don’t think

Think your body is. Have some respect for the service of God, if not for man. Try at least—take my advice—go to sea.”

The man did, and went from his house, without going home, to the nearest sea-port, and entered immediately. In the late mutiny, this very fellow cut down, with his own hand, two of the chief mutineers in the ship in which he was stationed; with a few others who joined their Captain, he prevented the massacre of their Officers; and he is now the boatswain of a man of war, under the command of the same Captain whom he so gallantly defended. He never comes into the country without paying his respects, with a most
o 6. grateful

grateful heart, to Mr. Warwick, and was very earnest with that gentleman to accept *the medal*, which had been given him for his good conduct, and which Mr. Warwick, explaining its *individual* worth, of course refused.

Such was the man of law, on whom Mr. Lockeridge and his friend waited.

Wilson, in a few words, related the whole of the story, and dwelt on the corroborating circumstances that induced him to believe that Marauder and M'Ginnis were the same person.

Mr. Warwick told him that the method of proceeding was very simple and plain; that it would be necessary to

3

inform

inform the Government, that he might be taken into legal custody, and, as soon as his health would permit, be sent over to Ireland to take his trial. The attorney advised Wilson to go himself to town for that purpose; to see the maker of the pistol, and get his testimony properly authenticated, and to bring Duchesne back with him.

As Mr. Lockeridge and Wilson came out of Mr. Warwick's house, Imphell, who knew all the parties, and naturally guessed to whom they would apply, was riding down the street. Imphell, seeing them a little before him, turned his horse, and put up at a different house than he intended.

With

With great effrontery he went to Mr. Warwick's, though he knew he was had in abomination by him, and had ever and anon come under his lash.

"Good morning to you, Sir," said Imphell.

Mr. Warwick, with unusual *hauteur*, slightly bowed his head.

"I understand," continued Imphell, "that you are employed by Mr. Wilson in the cause against *us*."

"Who is *us*?"

"Mr. Marauder. I mean; I am always his attorney, you know; and my Lord, his father, used to——"

"Pray, Sir, who could tell you so?"

"I

“ I of course concluded it, knowing your intimacy with the Reverend Mr. Lockeridge; and I just saw Mr. Wilson and his clerical patron come out of your house.”

“ On this business you can have nothing to say to me,” and Mr. Warwick got up.

Imphell kept his seat.—“ Oh, yes. I have a great deal. I know you are not fond of a losing cause, and I wish to forewarn you in this ridiculous case, which is all occasioned by a family likeness.”

“ So I have been informed.”

“ Yet there is a very great difference between Mr. Marauder and Captain M’Ginnis.”

“ You have seen Captain M’Ginnis?”

“ No,

“No, I cannot positively say, *upon my honour*, that I have.”

“Are you in doubt then?”

The biter began to be bit; though Mr. Warwick was mistaken, Imphell was not in the secret.

Imphell replied—“When Captain M’Ginnis was in London, before Mr. Marauder went to the West Indies, I called at his house; but Captain M’Ginnis was very ill, had been overturned in a carriage. But, Mr. Warwick, I was saying to you how very clear this business is. It is impossible Mr. Marauder can be Captain M’Ginnis, because he was in the West Indies at the time;

time; and, besides, Mr. Marauder is a Papist."

"He *was*."

"We've ten thousand witnesses to prove an *alibi*."

"*You* are not one, I find; as you cannot say, *upon your honour*, that you ever saw the Captain."—Imphell looked confused. A thousand fancies crowded into his head: his friend, Marauder, might perhaps *wish him to be a witness*. Mr. Warwick checked all his ideas by enquiring—"Who are your witnesses?"

"The Captain and crew he went out with; the Captain and crew he came back with; all the people he met with there."

"What are the names of the two
Captains."

Captains, whom he went out and came back with?"

Imphell endeavoured to be more on his guard.—“ Upon my word and honour I have forgot their names ; but I am going to London on purpose to find them out.”

“ And then—you’ll know their names ?”

“ I shall see Mr. Marauder again before I go to town.”

“ Your visit to-day was *purposely* to me ?”

Imphell was rather confounded ; but though he often lost himself, he never lost his assurance, but replied—“ I had a little business besides in town ;” and, endeavouring to turn the conversation to that point for which he came, said—

“ You

“ You see how sure an *alibi* we’ve got. Now *you* have no witness at all, but the *bareword*—I should say *fancy*—of Captain Wilson.”

“ Indeed !”

Imphell was obliged to ask the question—“ Have you ?”

“ What ?”

“ Any body besides Captain Wilson, who fancies Mr. Marauder and his kinsman, M’Ginnis, the same ?”

“ I’ll tell you something, Mr. Imphell,” replied Mr. Warwick. The other was all attention ;—now, thought he, I shall get all the particulars.—“ I am not to be the attorney in this business.”

“ Sir !” exclaimed Imphell, with the utmost astonishment. “ Who is ?”

“ The most honest attorney we can
find

find in Ireland; for if Mr. Marauder is ever tried for being the rebel M'Ginnis, depend upon it the trial must be there. Neither, therefore, can you act, Mr. Imphell; and it's extremely unlucky you cannot be a witness."

Without any further ceremony, Mr. Warwick, who had been standing some time, rung the bell, and wished the other a good morning

Not so wise, nor so able as when he entered, the pettifogger departed, having left a certain portion of his knowledge behind him, and lessened the means of his exertions for the service of his patron. From the foregoing conversation, Mr. Warwick began to be of Wilson's opinion,

opinion, which he rather doubted before, that M'Ginnis and Marauder were more than cousins.

Imphell, thoroughly disappointed in his first attempt, was yet resolved to wait in the town till the two gentlemen left it, that he might know if they had another conversation with Mr. Warwick.

They dined with that gentleman, and Wilson took a place in the mail to go to town in the evening. This Imphell having discovered, as soon as it was dark, he, disguised in a horseman's large coat and a slouching hat, dodged them to the inn from which the mail-coach set off. As he hovered around them,
listening

listening to the conversation, among other things, he overheard the following.

Mr. Lockeridge.—“Do you think Duchesne is already in town?”

Wilson.—“I have reason to suppose, from what he said to me in Ireland, that he has been there a week.”

“Have you any thing to say to Fanny, concerning your return?”

“I’ll write the moment I get to London, and follow it as soon as possible.”

With this, as the reward for his day’s trouble, Imphell returned to his employer. He himself conceived it to be of very little consequence, but he knew
not

not the secret mind of Marauder. But before he went to the house upon the Downs, it was necessary to see the two men, who had assisted in the carrying off of Fanny.

One he found was gone to Newmarket to try the strength of his new pocket, at a famous race there; the other Imphell dressed in Marauder's livery, and took back with him as a servant.

His business detained the man of law over the night; but in the evening of the next day he returned to the expectant Marauder.

CHAP. XIX.

AMPHELL found his noble employer somewhat better in health, and considerably better in spirits. When the attorney had been a few minutes with him alone, he mentioned the servant he had brought, and the man was called in.

He proved to be the one of the two whom Marauder most wished to see.

After

After asking him if he had a mind to stay with him as a servant, and the other having willingly assented, Marauder was left alone with Imphell.

The attorney now told the fruitlessness of his attempt to discover the proofs Wilson might be able to produce.—“ I could get no intelligence whatever of that sly fellow, Warwick; but I overheard a trifling conversation in the inn-yard, concerning Miss Fanny Bellaire, and one Duchesne.”

“ Who?” vociferated Marauder.

“ One Duchesne, Wilson had met with in Ireland.”

Marauder shook as he lay in the bed, with unusual agitation. Nothing but a few curses for some moments escaped

him. Recovering himself—"Imphell," said he, "deliver me, as near as possible, the very words of the conversation."

Imphell, who had taken it down, repeated it *verbatim*.

"Confusion on the Frenchman's tongue!—I see their cursed plots!—This damned scar!—Call Skeibar here."

Imphell hastened out, thinking that Marauder was worse. Skeibar returned with him.

"Examine this scar," said Marauder, as if nothing else was the matter with him.

Skeibar,

Skeibar, noticing it, replied—"The wound is perfectly healed, Sir; you need not fear that it will open afresh."

"Fear!" exclaimed Marauder. "It must be opened afresh! Nay, what is more, it must be taken quite away."

"Impossible, Sir."

"I say it is, and shall be possible.—Yet, let me see—if I can get rid—Ah! it will do."—Marauder seemed on a sudden deeply in thought.—"Mr. Skeibar, I can dispense with your attendance for the present.—Send my servant here."

The man came in.

Marauder spoke to Imphell.—"You

said my enemy promised to send a letter the instant he got to town?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I must have that letter."

"Sir!"

"I know it's a cross-post from the town Woolborough to the village where that Parson lives.—Dick, come nearer.—Are you not able, without assistance, to take a parcel from a little boy?"

Dick, whose taciturnity had caught the notice of Marauder, replied, with a sneer—"Yes."

"Imphell shall tell you when—shall completely disguise you, and shew you the place. Bring the bag to me.—I'll make your fortune, you dog;—you shall have its weight in gold."

Dick

Dick grinned, and went out.

Marauder now explained to Imphell his firm determination to get rid of Wilson.—“ Yet while the Frenchman lives ——” Marauder checked himself.

Imphell was greatly alarmed ; he perceived himself involved deeper in Mr. Marauder's affairs than he had any intention of. He was almost necessitated to be a party in robbing the mail ; he was made privy to an intended murder ; and, if the fellow should turn informer, or they should by any means be discovered, he saw no loop-hole through which he could escape from the gallows. The attorney was not much afraid of the devil, unless he came

“Neither,” concluded the lawyer, “have we time to think of any thing but your escape. A different kind of guard, appointed by Government, will soon be set over you, which will make it much more hazardous.”

Marauder was struck with his arguments, and began at once revolving the means of effecting his escape. This he would have considered no difficult matter, if he had been able to walk; but, as it was, it required the utmost circumspection and prudence.

At last, however, it was settled that a chaise and four was to be ready at some little distance from the house; that the surgeon, who was a strong muscular man,

man, was to let him down from the window ; that Imphell and Dick were to carry him to the chaise ; that Skeibar was to join them, and all four leave the kingdom together. Imphell knew he could easily get the key of the garden-door, as, from Marauder's ill health, the people who were appointed to watch him, could have no idea of his attempting an escape.

But this scheme was obliged to be laid aside from the indisposition of the principal, whose weak state would not permit any exertion, and whose fever, from the agitation of his spirits, increased so considerably in the evening, that his medical attendant assured him that the very attempt would certainly cost him

his life. This person, being let into his intentions, endeavoured to prevail upon him to wait with patience till his health was established; assuring him that he would so deceive his guards, or even any other medical man that might be called in, that no one should discover any amendment either in his health or personal hurts.

Thus totally prevented, at present, from making his escape, Marauder, ever restless and dissatisfied, insisted on Dick's robbing the mail. Imphell's arguments could not swerve him from the purpose; and the pettifogger having discovered that the lad who carried the letters, was no regular messenger of the King's, but solely employed by the inhabitants

habitants of Wheatland, took fresh courage upon the occasion, and agreed to equip Dick for the business.

The parcel of letters was but small; but among them was one for Fanny.

Eagerly Marauder tore it open.

“ MY DEAREST FANNY,

“ I have concluded every thing in town, but finding Duchesne. If I am so fortunate as to meet with him at Windsor, where I am going instantly for that purpose, I hope to anticipate this, by being my own messenger; if not, you may expect me every hour.—Dearest Fanny, beloved

of my soul, every moment seems lost to me when absent from you.—Your most faithful friend and grateful lover,

“ WILSON WILSON N.”

“ Stuff!” exclaimed Marauder, throwing it contemptuously from him. “ Is that fellow, Wilson, returned ?”

Imphell told him he believed he was.

A little bustle without, and a violent ringing at the front-bell alarmed the group.

Marauder and his gang supposed the robbery had been traced, and he ordered his

his door to be fastened, and all the papers to be put in the fire. .

The papers were quickly consumed, and soon after some one rapped at Mr. Marauder's door, and desired to be admitted.

The surgeon said—"In a few minutes. Any thing particular?"

The person who had the chief guard of the house, answered, that the Bow Street Officers were arrived to take the charge of Mr. Marauder's person, and required immediately to see him.

"Cover my forehead instantly with some plaister," exclaimed Marauder;
"and

“and to any question that may be asked, let me answer.”

The surgeon covered his forehead with some salve, and, by his patient's order, also pricked it all over with a needle.

The new guards were now admitted.

They came up to the bed, and, in a very civil manner, told him their business. They asked the surgeon how his patient was, and where his hurts were.

Marauder, in a faint tone, answered them, that if they were not satisfied that the general state of his health was such as to confine him at present, they might send for any other medical advice;

advice ; and he referred them for uninterested information concerning his situation, to the other two surgeons who had visited him on the foregoing evening. He added, that particular enquiries were troublesome, and that they had no concern with any thing belonging to him, but the guard of his person ; and he concluded with saying, that so far from wishing to lengthen his illness, he had already witnesses sufficient to establish an *alibi*.

“ It is necessary, Sir,” said one of them, “ that we should have a thorough knowledge of your person, as it is committed to our care ; and I must beg leave to see your forehead, which is so strangely covered ”

The

The surgeon spoke—"I have but just dressed it, and it will be highly improper to tear off the bandages."

"How came it hurt?" asked one of the Officers.

"A violent bruise, which we did not at first notice, by being neglected, has spread all over the forehead."

"I must desire you to leave me," spoke Marauder, as if in much pain ;
 "if you have any desire to see the place, the surgeon shall inform you when it is next dressed."

The Officers of Justice spoke together, and civilly retired.

Imphell, who might have sat for the picture of Sir Trevisand, in the Cave
 of

of Despair, began to breathe again; and Marauder now required of the surgeon, without loss of time, to apply a blister all over his forehead; resolved, in his own mind, that the cicatrice of his wound should be covered, before it was exposed to the inspection of his guards.

Whatever suspicions, therefore, might be entertained on this account, on the morrow, when they attended with the surgeon, the whole forehead was completely covered with the effects of the blister.

But the scar was much too deep to be erased by these means; and three weeks having elapsed since the Officers were in the house, and Marauder in no respects better,

better, their suspicions began to be strengthened, and they positively required that another surgeon should be called in.

Marauder, who had always before opposed it, pretended also to wish for such advice, and agreed to receive any person they thought proper to send for. His real hurts were by this time nearly well, and, in defiance of the remonstrance of the surgeon, he was resolved in the night to attempt his escape.

CHAP. XX.

THE following was the plan Marauder adopted. A fortnight before, under the pretence of having fresh air, he had been carried to the upper story of the house. The windows were furnished with bars; but his intention was to mount up the chimney to the top of the house, and to let himself down by a long cord, prepared for the purpose.— The surgeon and Imphell were to be off early

early in the morning, before it could be discovered, and to take care of themselves.

Yet Marauder did not intend to leave the premises, as he doubted if he should be able to get over the spiked wall, and the outward door he knew was sufficiently secured; but, by throwing a rope over, he intended to cause suspicion that he had escaped by that means.

In an out-house, where the garden-tools were kept, was a secret opening, known only to himself; here he purposed to conceal himself, till his guards were supposed to be absent in pursuit of him, and the house deserted. At
twelve

twelve at noon, Imphell and Dick were to return with some fresh horses, and they were to be provided with pistols, to shoot any one who might oppose them.

In vain Imphell used every argument to dissuade him from this desperate scheme. Imphell chiefly dwelt upon his innocence, earnestly entreated him to stand a trial, promising to get any kind of witnesses to assist, if it were necessary, to prove an *alibi*.

Marauder, still tenacious of his secret; was positive in his determination.

The attorney now began to be most grievously alarmed. He not only saw the

the dreadful danger his patron ran, and the utter improbability of his succeeding, but he knew that he himself was an accomplice in the attempt, and the violated laws of his country seemed ready to overwhelm him. His fears at last overpowered every other sensation; even interest crouched before them; and, under a promise of secrecy, he gave notice of the intended attempt to the Bow Street guards.

Most cunning was the game Imphell played on the occasion. By these means he gained their confidence; and, as they were not to betray him, Marauder was to suppose that they heard some one ascending the chimney, and
had

had mounted, by the trap-door, upon the house top, ready to receive him.

This petty treason of the attorney's had not yet proceeded further than the before-mentioned circumstance; and the motive he alledged to the Bow Street people was, that he believed Marauder to be light-headed, which was partly confirmed by the surgeon, who had lately told Imphell that he feared the gentleman's brain was affected.

As soon, therefore, as Marauder had descended from the top of the chimney to the roof of the house, and began adjusting his cord, the Officers rushed from a door which opened upon the leads, and seized him.

In

In vain Marauder attempted any resistance; after one faint struggle, he quietly surrendered himself.

Without speaking a word, he was conducted down into his room. His guards searched him, took away some improper weapons, and two persons remained with him.

About one o'clock Imphell was admitted to him, who had invented a plausible story for the purpose.

Marauder heard him in silence.—
“Where’s Dick?” said he.

Imphell replied that he was at a little distance, with the horses.

Marauder

Marauder faintly smiled, ordered him to be called, and mentioned the name of *Skeibar*. Imphell professed his total ignorance of him. The truth was, Imphell wished to get rid of both. Dick stuck close to him; but *Skeibar*, who was to wait at a certain place for the party, had been liberally supplied by the attorney with money, in hopes that he would abscond with it: and *Skeibar* perceiving the ticklish situation in which he had involved himself, had acted accordingly.

While these things were passing at the house upon the Downs, the less conspicuous persons in these memoirs were not idle on their part.

Wilson had discovered Captain Duchesne at Windsor; but the Frenchman, hearing the condition of Marauder, had given him the slip, and was gone for a short time with a friend to Scotland. In vain Wilson remonstrated; he alledged that his presence was not yet necessary, and faithfully promised to answer his first letter in person.

Miss Bellaire's friends had received an express of her safety, as soon as possible after her arrival at Mr. Lockeridge's. Mr. Townsend came himself for her, and she returned with him to Richmond.

As it was necessary for Wilson to attend the trial of M'Cinnis, *alias* Marauder, in

in Dublin, he was obliged to yield to the arguments of the friends of Fanny, and postpone his nuptials till his return. During the confinement of Marauder, most of his time was spent with the beloved object of his heart, at Richmond.

He now received notice of Marauder's being sufficiently recovered to attempt his escape, and was ordered to prepare to go to Ireland in eight days. He accordingly wrote to Duchesne, and only waited his arrival. They were to proceed to Holyhead, and cross in the same vessel that was appointed to carry Marauder.

Orders instantly followed the information of his intended escape, to the

Q 2 keepers

keepers of Marauder to set off with their charge. He heard of his removal with one of his contemptuous smiles.

The violence of the hero's temper was wonderfully subsided since the failure of his attempt; the *Stoical* principle seemed to have taken possession of his whole frame. Imphell, who had before resolved to confess every thing, now began to think his own neck was safe without any further discovery; and, with a full confession, he knew he must say—"farewel!"—not only to his greatness, his interest, but to the little portion that remained to him—of character. Alarmed with perplexities and doubts, one moment buoyed with hope, the next
sinking

sinking with fear, was Imphell. Marauder, on the contrary, was unusually calm, even less communicative than before, and to all the solicitations and artful questions of his attorney, concerning the expected trial, kept the secret of M'Ginnis safe, and solely answered— „I defy them.”

Every thing was now ready for Marauder's departure. Dick was not to be found ; he had not been seen since the evening before.

Marauder heard of his absence without any remark. He dressed himself in the morning with unusual composure, and his faithful steward began to sup-

pose that his melancholy silence was wearing off.

They were alone.—“Imphell,” said Marauder, looking upon the ground, “will you also forsake me?”

The attorney’s fidelity flowed trippingly from his tongue.

“Come here,” continued Marauder, in a mild tone.

Imphell went up to him.

Marauder laughed; and lifting up his eyes, with a sly look, which appalled the very heart of the other, exclaimed—
“Who drove them from me?—If I am
mad,

mad; wretch, beware of my fangs! Would these were the infernal regions, that I might toss thee into the flames!—Accursed rascal! thou hast betrayed me.”

As he spoke, he seized him by the collar. Imphell cried out. Now burst forth the restrained rage of Marauder. He shook the lawyer with a desperate violence; he struck him again and again with his fists; he pushed him against the wall; he threw him upon the ground with all the violence of revengeful rage.

Quickly had the base tool of his villainy met the fate he deserved from his employer's hands, but the attendants came to his rescue.

All reason had forsaken Marauder. He sprung upright upon the prostrate, senseless wretch ; his eyeballs glared with fire, and he rushed, with very little appearance of thought, against the persons who entered the room, and endeavoured to force his way through them. With great exertion on their part was he at length overpowered, and he sunk to the ground exhausted. It was but for a moment—his rage returned with redoubled violence ; he cried but on Imphell, and with the most shocking execrations swore he would destroy him.

By force only was he 'restrained ; he seemed lost to every thing that was said to him, and still repeated his curses.

Every

Every feature was distorted with madness; confined to the ground by cords, he tried to gnaw them asunder, and when all other means of offence failed, he venomously spit at his opponents.

At last, finding himself completely subdued, and entangled in the cords which were bound round him, he roared out with his utmost efforts; his screams pierced through the apartments, and he only paused to give vent to a torrent of oaths and blasphemies.

His attendants, who were not ignorant of scenes of horror in every form, stood aghast at the one before them, and looked at each other in a silent agony,

unknowing how to dispose of their prisoner.

Imphell, dreadfully bruised and hurt, lay senseless on the ground.—Marauder, bound hand and foot, glared at his prey, against whom all his rage seemed directed.

Imphell, somewhat recovered, was led out of the room, Marauder even to the last straining to force the bonds that held him, that he might satiate his vengeance.

As soon as the lawyer was removed out of his sight, the fury of Marauder subsided; but the attendants, not willing to trust to appearances, lifted him

upon the couch, and fastened him there till the surgeon should arrive, whom they had, at the appearance of their prisoner's insanity, sent for.

The gentleman, who had at the first attended him, arrived. When he felt his pulse, Marauder exclaimed—"Well, Doctor, if he's mad, there's reason in it."

He was bled without the least resistance. The surgeon next examined his forehead, and testified his surprise at finding any injury there. Marauder unwillingly suffered his interference in this case; but knowing all opposition useless, he at length silently acquiesced.

The surgeon discovered that a large sore, which covered his forehead, had been improperly healed over, and that the morbid substance had penetrated inward. To this corporeal ailment he partly attributed the deranged state of his patient's intellects; little did he know the far more grievous mental evils which racked the inmost soul of Marauder. The various medical men who had attended him, had found it no difficult matter to administer such remedies as his body required; but among the whole circle of his acquaintance, where was he to find one who could ease the agonizing pain of thought?

The dry scaly flesh being removed from Marauder's forehead, the malignant
humours

humours received a vent, and in a few hours the patient seemed easier, and fell into a repose. In the evening the fever had considerably abated; and, though Marauder spoke but little, the surgeon remarked that the deadly frenzy of his eye was much calmer, and his manner more consistent and composed.

CHAP. XXII.

THE amendment of Marauder on the following day was truly astonishing. He spoke rationally, even professed a readiness to set off immediately towards Ireland; and calmly desired that that infamous villain, Imphell, might not again be admitted into his presence. Imphell, indeed, had taken the opportunity of the chaise which had been ordered for Marauder, and, urged only
by

by his present fears, returned to his own home.

In the evening of the same day, at his earnest entreaties, Marauder was released from the inconvenience of a strait-waistcoat, which, at the surgeon's first arrival, had been placed upon him.

On the third day, no appearance of insanity returning, and Marauder himself being extremely anxious to depart, the Bow Street Officers proceeded forward with their charge. To their enquiries—if he did not require a servant—he accepted the attendance of a man, who had come with them, and who had waited upon him for the last three days; thus

thus removing every suspicion of his wishing to make his escape,

Before his departure, he ordered the deaf man to remain in the house till his return, of which he spoke with confidence; he made a handsome present to the surgeon, and wrote some letters. He received also, from his medical attendant, proper dressings for the hurt on his forehead, which was ordered to be kept open, and also some medicines.

They now proceeded slowly on their journey, with short stages; as the late frenzy, with which Marauder had been seized, had left a weakness and languor upon him. His mildness and civility were remarkable; and though for a while
he

he would be wrapped in thought, he asked many questions, and spoke more than he had been accustomed to for some weeks. In the course of the journey he frequently got out of the carriage, and walked for a few miles, that he might enjoy the full breezes of the refreshing spring; but ever on these occasions his attendants were on their guard: one of the men, who rode in the chaise, always walked with him, while his new servant, and another man on horseback closely followed.

Without any interruption they continued their progress till the well known shores of Holyhead, and the adjacent view struck the notice of Marauder.

He

He was now within a few miles of the place; and close on one side of the road was an entrance into the ever memorable wood, where the fatal double duel had taken place, and the unhappy Geutespiere had fallen by the pistol of Marauder.

Marauder desired the carriage to stop; he got out. He praised the genial warmth of the day, and taking off his great-coat, gave it to his servant. He slowly approached an opening in the wood—he paused—the attendants stopped at some little distance.

In an instant he rushed among the trees—more to the astonishment than the confusion of his attendants. Beyond
the

the wood was the town, and rocky impassable cliffs; around it an open and level country. In such a situation they had no doubt of quickly recovering him. The two men, who had accompanied him in the chaise, hastened after him on foot, and the horsemen skirted the extremities of the wood.

Now alone and free, Marauder, with maddening fury, rushed desperately through the most arduous places. The brambles, the bushes yielded before him; and he was soon lost to the sight of his pursuers. Their shouts quickened his pace, as exulting he bounded along; and now he had gained the opening to the fatal lawn where Geutespiere fell.

One

One moment he paused. Recollection flashed across his mind. A guilty pang smote him ; and, with incredible speed, he flew across the plain.

Now, almost arrived at the other end, sudden the sound of voices checked his career. With eyes intent, watchful ears, his breath scarce moving, observant he stood.—Who can conceive what thoughts, what ideas, strange, confused, unbounded, infinite, pressed upon his distempered brain?—Like the wary tiger, he crouched, as it were, on the watch, to fight or to fly.

Forth from the opening came a figure—such as had just marked itself in his mind in the vague form of Geutespiere ;
the

the military garb and uniform were like those the murdered Geutespiere had worn.

The soul of Marauder staggered. The figure stopped. Every deadly fiend of guilt, depravity, and madness urged Marauder forward. He was about to force his way against it, when, lo! another form sprung forward, in which his appalled heart recognized the features of Wilson.

Marauder trembled;—his eyes avoided a sight so dreaded. Every form but this, Marauder could have opposed; against every other he had been successful; here he had been again and again subdued and humbled.

Guided

Guided only by fear, away the conscious Marauder flew—no matter where—every thing dreaded was behind him.

Wilson was swift of foot—he closely followed his prey.

Each Fury aided the speed of Marauder—Despair goaded him forward to the edge of the yawning precipice that overhangs the town ;—just tottering on the brink, one look he threw behind him—he saw—and leaped with his utmost exertion, into the deadly abyss.

Wilson, petrified at the ghastly act, instantly paused. The horsemen galloped up; from them he first learned of the frenzied virulence with which
disappointed

disappointed guilt had smote the soul of Marauder.

The horsemen hastened round the cliff. The haughty Marauder was no more. That turbulent and fiery spirit, which spurned the laws of God and man, had fled his harassed body;—dashed to pieces by the tremendous fall, it lay deformed, and scarcely to be known, upon the beach!

They bore it to the town.

Wilson and Duchesne came up.—
Wilson turned from the shocking sight.
Duchesne took one look at his old enemy, the murderer of his friend, but spoke not a word. Horror sat in the

the countenances of every person present.

Wilson and Duchesne instantly set off to town ; they had been some days at Holyhead, waiting for the prisoner and his escort ; and, without knowing the reason, had been surprised that they were not arrived. Duchesne, wishing to review the fatal spot where his countryman fell, had been accompanied by Wilson, when they, to the amazement of all parties, so strangely encountered the execrable cause of all.

The Officers of Justice, who had had the care of Marauder's person, prudently applied, by the advice of Wilson, to a respectable attorney in the place, and,
in

in his presence, searched the pockets of the deceased, for the purpose of finding either letters or papers, that might give them a reference to some friend or relation of his ; but not the least clue could they find to direct them in this point. The Coroner's Inquest having determined the suicide insane, he was buried in the plainest manner on the third day.

The gay, the gallant Marauder, whose birth, fortune, and expectations made him *equal* with the first characters in the kingdom—whose pride, conceit, and ambition lifted him *above* them all—whose graceful person and manly strength were the praise of one sex, and the envy of the other—whose ardent

and indefatigable soul never flinched at what his imperious will commanded ;—Marauder—whom not to know was ignorance, to whom every circle in life had produced friends and followers by the dozen—Marauder, the active Chief wherever he appeared, untimely perishes a miserable suicide, the wretched victim of Despair !

.. Not a friend—not an acquaintance—not even a domestic is to be found to pay the last offices of his funeral.—A felon he dies ;—fear and frenzy perform the part of the public executioner ; and the servants of Justice close the scene, instead of the ever dear connections, of relation or friend.

What

What knowledge the departed spirit may possess of the things of this world, has nothing to do with our duty towards God or man ; but it is one of those speculative reflections which a religious belief will be apt to raise in the mind.

Conceive the proud, tyrannic, and restless spirit of Marauder beholding his funereal obsequies !—Conceive it impotent and disabled, yet swelling with hatred and revenge—conscious that all it ever held dear was now become the property of its first supplanter—conscious that all its worldly art and cunning had not the common prudence to prevent this !—The young Duke of Silsbury, as heir at law, takes possession of the whole estate of his kins-

H 2

man,

man, Marauder, in lands and personals.

Reader, what are *thy* intentions in this life?—Inspect thy prospects—look boldly at the summit of them. Is it wealth, honours, or what dost thou call it?—Cast thine eyes around—among the myriads before thee find out the favoured mortal, whose envied state thou hopest to resemble. Observe him narrowly—see him at home, abroad, in the moments of pleasure and of retirement. Now answer thyself.—Art thou willing to take his station for that uncertain period of existence which may happen to thee?—Wilt thou sacrifice to this idol all hopes of a happy lot in the boundless, unknown region beyond? or wilt thou

thou check thy worldly career now, and
turn thy feet, without loss of a moment,
to the path of futurity?

What art thou, reader?—No matter.
—Be thou ever so great in thine own
eyes, thou must yield to the power of
that Almighty fiat, which can say—
“This night thy soul shall be required
of thee!”

CHAP. XXII.

WILSON had many reasons for leaving the spot immediately upon the death of Marauder. He not only wished to inform the Government ; but, as he was the head steward of the Duke of Silsbury, who was Marauder's heir at law, he avoided at present any interference into his affairs, till he was informed whether there was any will ; and he thought, also, that his Grace ought to

to know, without loss of time, of his kinsman's fate.

Before he left Holyhead, he wrote to Imphell (though the Bow Street Officers told Wilson of the late chastisement that he had received from his principal), as the attorney was the only person he knew of, who had any trust in Marauder's affairs.

Imphell denied the least knowledge of a will; and, after the most minute enquiries of every person with whom Marauder was in the remotest degree connected, the Duke of Silsbury took possession of the whole of his property.

The history properly closes here;—

but a page or two may not be amiss concerning the more prominent characters, which have appeared in these volumes.

Wilson's regiment soon returned to England; and the warmest wish of his heart, his union with Fanny, immediately took place. The Duke made him a present of the house at Hazleton, where he now resides, in the same village with his parents, and but a small distance from his patron.

Marauder had deeply mortgaged this property; but the Duke instantly cleared the whole, and keeping the manor in his own hands, gave the estate to Wilson.—His parents, and Dr. Line, are all in high health and spirits, and
are

are ever the most welcome guests to Mrs. Wilson and her husband.

The Rev. Mr. Lockeridge has changed his residence, to be near his young friend, having been appointed domestic Chaplain to the Duke, and occupies a wing of the Castle; though the slanderous part of the neighbourhood says it is for the sake of hunting with his Grace's fox-hounds, that he has appointed a Curate at Wheatland, where he nevertheless spends the summer months.

The Duke of Silsbury's household is very large, ~~as~~ exclusive of his brothers and sisters, he has thought proper to adopt

adopt a large family of orphans, his near relations by his mother's side.

Mr. and Mrs. Rattle seem exactly suited to each other, and frequently enliven the group at Hazleton.

Young Harrety is in orders, and is married to Nancy Evans. He lives with his mother; and, having learned moderation and the manners of the world, brandishes the scourge over the head of Vice with double success; no longer liable to the terms of madman and enthusiast.

The virtuous and reflective Hambden is now in the Senate, equally respected in public life, and beloved in private.

Imphell

Imphell did not long survive his base employer. Dick, having been apprehended for a highway robbery, told, at the fatal tree, the whole of his transactions with the attorney; whose fears preyed so violently upon his miserable state of health, that he never rose from the sick couch, where the revengeful frenzy of Marauder had thrown him.

Cloudley remains among the incurables in Bedlam. His Messalina flew with the re-coated Philosopher to the soft Italian plains. Other Syrens warbled upon the young Ivory, and he basely fled from Maria. The dame had too much of the Roman in her soul to bear this insult to her virtues. She grasped the dagger of Justice, nor ceased to

to pursue the traitor to Love, till she had fixed it in his heart. How the violated laws of the place where the deed was perpetrated, might have treated the lady, cannot be said; for Reason, Liberty, and Equality then ruled the country; and the virtuous dispenser of justice, a gallant General in the French service, being tempted to see the fair heroine, was instantly smitten, and crowned the noble act by his peculiar favour and love.]

Of the other characters, who have not appeared in the foreground of the picture, it will be useless to remark.— Mrs. Mountford, her daughters and son, and the Honourable Miss Berwicks might indeed come forward in an episode
of

